

Contemporary Review

incorporating THE FORTNIGHTLY

No. 1100 AUGUST 1957

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CONTEMPORARY REVIEW

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A NEW PHASE IN WORLD AFFAIRS

IMPORTANT changes are slowly taking place in the international field of politics. Even before Suez the influence of the Western Powers in the Middle East was slowly declining in face of militant Arab nationalism. Meanwhile the Commonwealth Conference has closed with the usual official statements designed largely to cover up fundamental differences over such subjects as Kashmir and the Baghdad Pact. "Apartheid" and racial policy troubles the African continent. There is uncertainty about the future of NATO and about the whole defence strategy of the West, while Chancellors of the Exchequer and Finance Ministers press for reductions of cost. But behind the Iron Curtain also the cracks in the armour are widening. The United Nations report on Hungary showed the wide condemnation of world opinion about what happened in that country last autumn. Meanwhile Mao has allowed a flood of self-criticism to break loose temporarily in China, indicating the need for a safety valve to allow freer expression of opinion in at least one section of the Communist world. Now the internal struggle which has broken out inside the Communist Holy of Holies in the Kremlin itself has shown the world that the monolithic system of the Russian Soviets is not so monolithic after all.

The two world camps in fact show signs, if not of disintegrating, at least of increased division in their midst, uncertainty of purpose, and the re-thinking of policies, strategies and even of ideologies. Then there is the neutral world led by Mr. Nehru which refuses stubbornly to see any difference between the two great camps and seeks to avoid all involvement with their plans. There is thus a good deal to be said for the idea that a regrouping of forces is taking place; and the probable cause of this new situation is the universal fear, affecting all mankind, of the hydrogen bomb and nuclear warfare. This has caused a complete reappraisal of defence systems, of armies, navies and air forces in the West; and it is causing the dictators in the Kremlin to realize that the people of Russia are beginning to want butter in place of bombs. The world situation has become more chaotic in the last few months; but it may not be such a bad thing after all because it may be the beginning of some new developments. There can be no doubt that the Russians are as afraid of nuclear warfare as we are. They are as little desirous of risking the ruining of their Communist Motherland by hydrogen bombs as we are of seeing the cities and lands of Europe subjected to the same fate. They are faced also with the dilemma of what to do about their western satellites, which they see slowly slipping out of their control. A tough policy might produce another Hungary. Mr. Gomulka in Poland has successfully carried through a masterly policy towards the Soviet Union. He knows that he cannot break with his powerful eastern neighbour. So he holds out the hand of friendship with one hand, while with the other he quietly edges the Russian commanders out of key positions in the Polish army. Yet he satisfies the Russian demands for strategic points in Poland for the defence of the Soviet Union, provided that they do not intervene in Poland's internal affairs. He is now more or less in the position of Tito except that he has to put up with some Red Army garrisons in a few strategic points.

It is a tragedy that such a situation could not have been reached in Hungary. It is questionable if we know even now all the facts about how the catastrophe came about. But it is not unreasonable to suspect that the

anti-Russian revolutionaries in Hungary went a good deal further than their fellows in Poland, and that the Roman Catholic Church, which was kept at arms length in Poland because it was known to be a red rag to a bull in Moscow, was acquiring more influence in Budapest than it should have had. The history of Hungary over the last few decades has been one of swaying backwards and forwards between extremes, and it does not seem that there was a man at the helm last autumn with the wisdom and sagacity of a Gomulka. This seems to be the view of Marshal Tito, judging by some of his more recent utterances. He may well be right. Yet this situation in Hungary cannot be welcome to the Kremlin. The country has to be held down and any mellowing of the regime which is being demanded and is taking place elsewhere among the satellites may let loose a landslide once again.

All these signs of weakness behind the Iron Curtain has not brought the Disarmament Conference as yet any nearer to success. Quite clearly the West cannot abandon its nuclear weapons without a substantial reduction at the same time of conventional armaments on both sides. Voices are being raised in this country demanding unilateral disarmament in the matter of nuclear weapons. So the Russians seem to be holding off any concessions, hoping that these voices may influence the policy of the West and give the Soviet Union freedom from fear of nuclear attack, while she keeps a vast preponderance of conventional arms. It is easy to argue that total war is not longer war but world destruction. But in spite of the risk involved the deterrent is more likely to preserve peace than a situation in which one side has nuclear weapons and the other side has not.

The disarmament discussions seem to be going on without the German unity question being dragged in. A section of opinion in Germany is standing out for no disarmament without unity. The German Social-democrats seem to want a neutral Germany, united but not disarmed. Whether Germany is to leave NATO under this plan is not clear, though one must presume that that is the logical consequence. A general election is coming and until its results are known nothing can usefully be done about unity. Nor for that matter would the Russians be likely to want to talk about it till German public opinion has been tested. If however they were willing to give political freedom to East Germany, public opinion in West Germany might be willing to accept an armed but neutral Germany. Under those circumstances we could not oppose, though it would raise the spectre of a Germany playing off East against West as in Bismarck's day. Probably however the success of the Adenauer regime in West Germany will have brought Germany so firmly into the Western camp that these fears could be discounted.

Turning to the Middle East, Great Britain seems to have recovered a certain amount of influence, which at one time during the Suez crisis seemed to have been lost for good. She is back again in the Baghdad Pact system which is developing more and more its economic side and playing down its military aspect. In view of recent developments in Russia this is undoubtedly wise, for there is no sign of Soviet military activity in this part of the world. It is unfortunate that the Americans in the Eisenhower doctrine still continue to lay emphasis on the danger of Soviet military aggression. But since Stalin's death the chance of another Korea has been steadily declining. The Baghdad Pact can now concentrate on the provision of

technical aid to its members from the West to enable them to use their oil revenues for the development of their countries. Meanwhile the Iraq government has overcome the crisis threatening it last autumn when the surge of public feeling in favour of Egypt threatened to bring down Nuri Said. The latter has now retired at least for a time, and has handed over to one of the many who were always there to take over when he wanted. But all the oil revenue in the world cannot provide Iraq (or Persia) with sufficient skilled workers, technicians and administrators for their rapidly developing countries. What Iraq and indeed all Arab countries, except perhaps Egypt, need is a greater flow from schools and colleges of educated young men and women to create the society which the oil revenues have made possible.

If Iraq is developing fast economically and not so fast politically and socially, at the other end of the Arab world Egypt, which has been aspiring to sole leadership, has fallen from the position of prestige acquired by Nasser's successful defiance of Britain and France. We need be in no hurry to assist this cardboard Napoleon to get out of the economic and financial troubles in which he now finds himself. This should have been all along the way for our Government to deal with him. The relentless pressure of blocked sterling balances and unsold cotton can tell in the end, as it told with Mossadeq in Persia in 1953. We should also be careful to block along with the Americans the financing of his Assouan Dam scheme unless and until he comes to an agreement with the Sudan on the use of Nile waters for all countries in the watershed of that river. Egypt would no doubt like to use the Nile Waters Agreement of 1929 as a means to get a strangle-hold on the Sudan, which she failed to get politically in 1954.

How far can Egypt rely on Russian help to get the Assouan Dam financed and our blockade broken? Russia is not likely to give such a large hostage to fortune when she needs so much of her resources at home. She is more likely to guarantee the purchase of the Egyptian cotton crop, which she can do with, and continue the supply of military and naval equipment. This would of course encourage Nasser to prevent Israeli ships from using the Canal and the Gulf of Akaba. It must of course be an absolute condition of our policy towards Egypt that any lifting of our embargo on trade and finance must be accompanied by a lifting of their embargo on Israeli ships. No doubt the continuing of this policy towards Egypt will entail some economic loss to us, but we have now markets in the Middle East which we can develop outside Egypt. It is a matter of supreme importance internationally that Nasser should not be able to get away with his theft of the Canal and his bid to dominate the Middle East and drive Israel into the sea.

The matter which has aroused most interest in the last few days is the outbreak of strife again among the rulers of Russia. Some commentators talk as if this was just another case of the struggle for power among power-thirsty dictators, but it is a good deal more important than that. No doubt personal dislikes and jealousies play a role, but there is a difference in policy as well. The mass of the Russian people have been showing in no uncertain way to their rulers that they think the time has come to allow more freedom of speech and writing and more of the material things of this world which a policy of guns before butter has so far denied to them. They want more clothes, shoes, pots and pans, and more houses to relieve overcrowding. There is no evidence of any subversive movement against the government. The Russian people are very patriotic and are used to a strong central

authority. Parliamentary government and civic liberties as we understand them are largely alien to their tradition and history. Russian history is made up of accounts of dynasties which ruled for many generations, fell into decline, and then after revolution and temporary chaos a Council of the Land ("Zemsky Sobor") met, like a Soviet Congress in the October Revolution, and chose a new autocrat or oligarchy to rule. I believe this pattern of Russian history will continue. But Russian autocrats in the past have been at times strong and repressive, at other times mild and reforming. The new Communist dynasty had put Russia through a period of harsh rule. Stalin has been the 20th century Ivan the Terrible, complete with purges and "oprichniks." It would be in the tradition of the country that now a milder regime should come along, which would seek to get for the people a more pleasant life, an enjoyment of better things, and a regime that seeks to rid its people of the fear of nuclear war. It may be that Khrushchev is cut out for this role. Many of us thought that Malenkov might have been. He was known to favour more consumers' goods and to put less emphasis on heavy industry; but he seems to have been too near in his early days to Stalin to enable him to escape being lumped by Khrushchev along with Molotov and Kaganovich, when he joined the latter in opposition to industrial decentralisation. This method of denunciation is a commonplace in Communist political warfare. So we must not get too optimistic, and we must remember that the Russian army chiefs seem to have strengthened their position as a result of this crisis. That may mean greater mildness towards the people in consumer goods, since the soldiers are peasants' and workers' sons, but it may also mean a more uncompromising attitude towards the satellites and very hard and long bargaining at the Disarmament Conference. Still there are undoubted signs that a more liberal form of Communism may be on the way in Russia, like what has already come about in Yugoslavia and Poland.

M. PHILIPS PRICE

CANADA AT THE POLLS

A CATAclysmic event has occurred in Canadian politics. On a historic day, June 10, the country's 9,000,000 eligible voters marked ballots to choose the new government. Nearly everybody thought the result was a foregone conclusion. The Liberal government, in power for 22 years, would certainly be re-elected, even though their majority might be reduced. Canada had never "had it so good," in the common North American phrase, Prime Minister Louis St. Laurent was a popular, rather avuncular figure, and External Affairs Minister Lester Pearson, universally liked and respected, had raised Canada's prestige abroad to a tremendously high level. Then came the surprise. The final tally of votes, though showing the Liberals slightly ahead in the popular vote, gave a margin in parliamentary seats to the Progressive Conservative party, headed by John George Diefenbaker, a 61-year-old prairie lawyer from Prince Albert, Saskatchewan. In the old House of Commons the standing at dissolution in the 265-seat house was Liberals 168; Conservatives 50; CCF (Co-operative Commonwealth Federation, Canada's equivalent of the Socialist party) 22; Social Credit 15; Independent 3; vacant 7. Now the count was Conservatives 109; Liberal 103; CCF 25; Social Credit 19; plus independents and vacancies. After some days of indecision St. Laurent resigned and

Mr. Diefenbaker, so long in the shadows, hustled to Ottawa from his Saskatchewan home. He formed a minority government, announced its leading members on Friday, June 21, and two days later flew to London to represent Canada at the conference of Commonwealth Prime Ministers.

How long he would remain in office with such a slender majority nobody could say, but there seemed every expectation that he would stay in the saddle for at least a year before calling a new election. None of the smaller parties, their financial resources diminished, seemed anxious for a new vote, and the Liberals needed time to regroup after a crushing defeat that had cost them such stalwarts as Finance Minister Walter Harris and Trade Minister Clarence Decatur Howe, both of whom lost their seats and their jobs. It looked as though Mr. St. Laurent, 75 years of age, would hand over the Liberal leadership within six months or so to Mr. Pearson, whose long association with international affairs had made him seem almost aloof from the party battle. Studying the stunning election result, many observers felt that a great number of voters had plumped for the Conservatives merely to chasten the Liberals, to throw a scare into them but in many cases with no idea of defeating them outright. If the election had been staged again a few days later, some feel, a lot of voters might have changed their minds. But now that the Conservatives were in, perhaps to demonstrate that in spite of all handicaps—22 years in opposition and so on—they could still provide a reasonable government, there might be a feeling in the country that the Conservatives had better be given a clear mandate to show what they can do. And Quebec province, which remained solidly Liberal amid the general slaughter, might well decide to get aboard the Conservative bandwagon.

What, in fact, caused the amazing electoral upset? Many theories have been advanced. Perhaps the main one is the feeling that the Liberals, so long entrenched, had grown arrogant, too smug in their power, too contemptuous of parliamentary procedure. Another factor was dissatisfaction among the farmers, who felt they had largely missed cashing in on the Canadian boom. The Atlantic Provinces, New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, Prince Edward Island and Newfoundland, were beginning to flex their muscles. Long the Cinderellas of the Canadian economy, they were receiving some federal help but they felt more was justified. And rich industrial Ontario felt it was being milked by the other provinces. It had long been thought that the Canadian vote was a meek, apolitical sort of animal, insensitive to the intricacies of electoral calculation. What if Trade Minister Howe had run roughshod over parliamentary rights in the pipeline debate last year? Who cares about parliament and pipelines, anyway? The country was prosperous, wasn't it? But the election showed differently. It indicated that the submerged part of what was thought to be an iceberg was really a seething inferno of dissent. So the Liberals were defeated, and the vigorous Mr. Diefenbaker, virtually unknown outside Canada, became the ninth Canadian Prime Minister since Confederation. The enthralling political drama was over for the time being, and Canadian voters seemed almost secretly excited about it, as though they had done something deliciously daring in confounding the experts.

What lies in the future? The Conservatives can be expected to try to consolidate their unexpected triumph by legislation likely to prove popular with the electorate, such as reliefs in income tax and higher old age pensions.

The new Finance Minister, Donald Fleming, has already hinted at this. The pension rate, recently raised by the Liberals, is now 46 dollars a month for all men and women over 70. Some suggest the Conservatives may push it up as high as 60. One of the new government's big problems will be the glut of prairie wheat. Rumours have been heard that Mr. Diefenbaker may decide to have Canada withdraw from the International Wheat Agreement. He denied this at a London Press conference, and it is known that one of his closest advisers on wheat is a pro-IWA man. Another school has it that Canada insists on too high a price for its wheat. In his pre-election campaign Mr. Diefenbaker ardently recommended the convening of a Commonwealth Economic Conference, preferably in Ottawa, and much was heard of the proposal during his visit to London. As outlined in London, the suggestion was that the Commonwealth Finance Ministers, meeting in Washington September 24-27 for the annual World Bank and International Monetary Fund meetings, should go to Ottawa after the meeting to discuss "where, when and whether" a new, full-scale economic conference, on the lines of the Ottawa tariff conference of 1932, should be held.

The Diefenbaker proposal is thought to be somewhat embarrassing to the British government, which is already having its hands full trying to mature its plans for association with the European Free Trade area, without having to worry about all the implications of a new assessment of Commonwealth trading relations. British officials have stressed the importance of thorough preparation for any new conference, but the likelihood is that they will bow ultimately to Mr. Diefenbaker's demands. The new Prime Minister, partly because of his novelty, received a good press during his London visit. The sight of a Conservative Prime Minister from Canada, a rarity in the last three decades, was intriguing in itself, and Mr. "Dief," as the headline writers called him, took advantage of his golden opportunity. He showed himself friendly, approachable, modest—"just a small-town prairie lawyer trying to get along"—and emphasized that he was a new boy, willing and eager to learn. Newspapers called him the "Man with the Burning Eyes," and portrayed him as a kind of Harry Truman and Abraham Lincoln rolled into one. At a Commonwealth dinner in London a Canadian journalist introduced him as the man "who restored the two-party system in Canada." The only sour note came from a weekly business magazine, which said his protestations of help to Britain were a little naive.

He may face some fairly tough problems. One, as already indicated, is the tremendous surplus of Canadian wheat. The bulging Western granaries may be the main factor behind his call for a Commonwealth trade conference. Mr. Diefenbaker says the objective of his proposed conference is to expand Commonwealth trade and investment; some are cynical enough to say that what he really means is to try to sell more wheat to Commonwealth countries. Another interesting aspect of the situation is that the very emphasis on expanded Commonwealth trade, attractive though it may sound to the Beaverbrook newspapers and the "Expanding Commonwealth Group," may prove hard to reconcile with Canada's international trading commitments—for instance, her obligations under the General Agreement on Tariffs and Trade (GATT). What some observers see developing, in fact, is a clash between his ideals, which may reflect the traditional protectionist bias of the Progressive Conservative party, and the devotion of his

officials and Civil Service advisers to the principles of free, multilateral trade which have been the foundation of government policy for so long.

The future pattern may remain unclear for some time. Probably the real battle will be deferred at least until after the opening of Canada's 23rd Parliament, now expected to be delayed until October.

During the election campaign Mr. Diefenbaker promised that he would call Parliament in September. In London he told reporters the obstacle to such a programme is that the Canadian Parliament buildings will be in use by an international postal congress until September 28, and strongly hinted that for this reason the opening might wait until the Queen goes to Canada in October. It would be a "wonderful thing," he said, if she could open Parliament in the traditional way, as Queen of Canada. Whatever changes are made in domestic affairs, there is unlikely to be any radical departure in foreign policy. Mr. Pearson, with his great experience, will no longer be at the helm in the External Affairs Department, but the government's advisers will be the same. Such men as Norman Robertson, the Canadian Ambassador in Washington, Dana Wilgress in Paris, and Charles Ritchie in Bonn will ensure that the basic hypotheses for ministerial decisions will remain unchanged. It is true that Mr. Diefenbaker has already announced one new name for the diplomatic service. George Drew, who beat him for the Conservative leadership in 1948, is to become Canadian High Commissioner in London from August 1. But this involves no change; the post was vacant when the announcement was made. Mr. Diefenbaker himself has said that he anticipates no startling changes in foreign policy, and he was echoed in London by the new Defence Minister, 69-year-old General George Pearkes, who said, after a visit to Canadian military establishments in France and Germany, that there will be no major changes at this time in Canada's defence policy. Thus the surprising election need not be taken as portending some great revolution in Canadian affairs, but it will undoubtedly mean a refreshing new interest in Canadian politics. A fresh breeze has swept through Parliament Hill, and observers, hitherto somewhat jaded by the apparently interminable Liberal monopoly of office, will be watching closely to see what develops in the months ahead.

SYLVESTER GRESFORD

THE COMMONWEALTH SURVIVES

THE events of last November in the Middle East do not appear to have dominated the proceedings of the Commonwealth Conference to the extent that was gloomily expected in some quarters. That this has been so must have been largely due to Mr. Nehru's own unwillingness to rake over the embers of controversy. Both he and the new member, Dr. Nkrumah, have been much more interested in the economic problem of raising capital for investment. But even Mr. Diefenbaker, the new Commonwealth enthusiast from Canada, has, it seems, been emphatic that there must be closer consultation on such matters in future, and this is a reminder that an international crisis did, in fact, cause a cleavage in the Commonwealth of nearly catastrophic proportions. When the Suez affair was at its height the prospects of survival for the multi-racial commonwealth seemed poor. Wellington and Canberra excepted, the comment from the respective capitals made gloomy reading. On November 8 *The Times* report from

its Delhi correspondent included the following sentence: "Many observers here predict that the relations between India and Britain, in particular, may never return to the pitch of mutual confidence and esteem on which . . . they have rested for some time." During the same period there were violent anti-British demonstrations in Karachi, while in Ceylon Mr. Bandaranaike took heart only from the fact that "a large proportion of the British people were opposed to the actions of their Government." It seemed possible that the Asian nations of the Commonwealth might disappear from the association in a series of angry gestures. The worst prognostications were not, however, to be realized, for on November 9 in an address to the All-India Congress Committee in Calcutta Mr. Nehru condemned the futility of such behaviour. "The cause of peace," he said, "would be better served by remaining in the Commonwealth for the moment." It may be, as Mr. Lester Pearson subsequently vigorously asserted, that at one time after the Anglo-French landings at Port Said the Commonwealth was "on the verge of dissolution" and that persistence with the operation would have brought that about. In any case, the events of November can be regarded as having demonstrated, according to taste, either the strength or the weakness of the Commonwealth—its flexibility or its lack of substance.

Popular reaction in this country to the Commonwealth's difficulties—in so far as there has been any and it can be adduced from the correspondence columns of the newspapers—has often tended to assume a duty on the part of Canada, or India, to rally to Britain's support irrespective of her policy. Continuous consultation has been regarded in some quarters as simply a means of securing the unanimous foreign policy which this view implies. It is not indeed easy to decide whether at the moment of acute crisis lack of consultation or a fundamental disagreement on policy was the more potent danger to the fabric of the association. Mr. St. Laurent's often quoted statement—in a broadcast from London in 1951—to the effect that "the Commonwealth has no common policy" is worth recalling in this context: he went on to say that, though this was true and the nations made their own decisions in world affairs, "they have, none the less, a community of interest on matters that really count." Does this "community of interest" still exist? What are the bonds which hold such a diverse Commonwealth together? Of the Commonwealth's diversity there can be little doubt. In the racial sense it is obvious and it can well be argued that the nature of the whole has been transformed since the three Asian nations achieved independence in 1947. Ethnic and religious differences, coupled with the inexorable demands of geographical location, make an identity of interests on anything but the widest issues impossible. Probably Britain has retained her leadership amongst equals primarily because she has a stake in many regions. Each nation, with the possible exception of Ceylon, has a definable international role. Canada seeks to strengthen and maintain the Atlantic alliance. Australia and New Zealand have to reconcile strategic reliance on the U.S.A. with a realistic desire to be friendly with their "neighbours" in South Asia. India wants peace and economic stability for Asia and, therefore, for the world. Pakistan belongs to Asia but at the same time is the largest Moslem state and cannot avoid involvement in the Middle East. The difficulty is to determine the common denominator which causes these countries to consult and co-operate in an atmosphere the intimacy of which is recognized and sometimes envied by outsiders.

Before 1947 race, historical tradition and religion were glibly referred to as the binding factors, but even then these left out of account the French Canadians and the reluctant Afrikaners. Since that critical year it has been assumed that practical advantage and enlightened self-interest were the reasons for continued co-operation. Burmese can be found in reasonable numbers prepared to regret their country's secession from the Commonwealth on these grounds. Nevertheless an examination of, for instance, the economic and defence relationships, which are presumably the most important practical fields, does not yield an entirely satisfactory result from this point of view. It may be that we tend to over-emphasize Canada's detachment from the Sterling Area and India's neutralism, but even so they are difficult to reconcile with a picture of full co-operation within the Commonwealth. Here are apparently two key countries holding something back. The truth is obvious; there is no common set of such factors operating in favour of Commonwealth membership in all cases. Over-emphasis of the negative elements tending to imply that the Commonwealth is a myth has become fashionable. What are often forgotten—possibly because it would be embarrassing in some cases not to do so—are the traditions established before independence which result in similarity of administrative and diplomatic method and therefore even of policy. The fact that certain Asian leaders were partly educated in Britain is not insignificant when coupled with a British trained Civil Service and Armed Services which preserve historic customs. The Commonwealth's unique achievement seems not to be practical, in itself—namely, the development of a sense of common heritage in the form of parliamentary institutions, law and justice, and the toleration which should accompany them. Mr. St. Laurent may be quoted again on another occasion: the Commonwealth, he said, "has become a free association of free nations which used to be linked together politically, and now are associated because of a common attachment to certain political ideals."

It can be no affront to the other nations to say that, Britain apart, Canada and India are the two most important countries in the Commonwealth today. An analysis of the links between the nations must ultimately resolve itself into a discussion of the interpretations they respectively put on the Commonwealth's role in the world today. One reason for the pre-eminence in each case is clear: both countries are, to use a hackneyed phrase, in several senses "between two worlds." Canada stands between Britain and the United States, while India is the interpreter of the East to the West, and *vice versa*. But there is more to it than this. Canada, in the first place, has especially learnt to appreciate the apparently casual British approach to Asia and Africa—the establishment of a multiplicity of contacts at all levels which ultimately brings as much understanding and interest as any amount of blunt speaking. Canada's ambitions as a power are not now confined to NATO. Recently her statesmen have shown a great awareness of Far Eastern and Asian questions which they used to consider irrelevant to their own problems. Since 1950 Mr. St. Laurent and Mr. Lester Pearson have continually emphasized the potentialities of the Commonwealth through the Asian nations as the bridge between East and West. These have not been vain, vague generalizations, because they have been accompanied by action—by participation in the Colombo Plan and the Korean War, and by aid to India particularly acceptable because it came from a geographically

remote and disinterested friend. This and Canada's firm commitment to the United Nations explain her brusque official reaction to Anglo-French action in Egypt: the rift in the Anglo-American alliance, though regrettable, seems to have been of less importance because never likely to prove irretrievable.

Once these attitudes are recognized, the correspondence between Canada's point of view and that of India is inescapable. Neither has wanted the Commonwealth to become a third force in the military sense. Each has expected to support Britain's stand for international morality. India's anti-colonialism, though genuinely felt, has not made her relationship with Britain impossible: sometimes her spokesmen have gone out of their way to exempt Britain from their strictures. Communist activity in India has been firmly controlled, and even on occasions ruthlessly repressed but without much publicity. Amongst her present leaders there is no inclination to substitute totalitarian for democratic institutions. Tibor Mende's report on his "Conversations with Mr. Nehru," recently published, is interesting on this point. India's reluctance to enter any sort of defence pact is often regarded in Britain and Australia as a deliberate rejection of the duties of a Commonwealth member in exchange for privileges received. The yawning gap which appears to exist to the north of the Indian Ocean and embracing India, Ceylon and Burma is an offence to the exponents of strategic containment. But co-operation at staff and training levels between the South Asian armed forces and the rest of the Commonwealth continues, and in the ultimate emergency the gap would probably not be there. In a letter to *The Times* in December the London editor of *Kesari and Mahratta* wrote: "India's declared foreign policy is one of non-alignment, but there is a tacit understanding between India and the Commonwealth that in the event of an outside attack she will receive all the necessary help to defend herself." It could well be argued that the policy of neutralism would be too dangerous without this assurance, but this is not likely to be publicly admitted.

The Commonwealth then, apart from practical advantages in matters of trade and duties which vary from country to country, is bound together by common ideals and by an intimate knowledge of the other's approach and practices. These have proved so strong that they have prevented the Asians so far from demanding South Africa's withdrawal on the grounds of racial prejudice. Whether, when they are encouraged by African membership, the same restraint will be shown will soon be seen, though on the whole the auguries are good. Commonwealth membership may well be the factor which has so far prevented India and Pakistan from going to war over Kashmir. Every Commonwealth nation is in desperate need of peace, and co-operation between them provides the best hope of modifying the antagonism between the two super-powers. Port Said appeared to upset the balance, not because Britain had abandoned this objective, but because in India's and probably Canada's view it threatened to frustrate what they thought was the most likely means of achieving it. An interesting by-product may well be that Indo-American suspicions have diminished and Canada's task of interpretation and liaison been made easier. A serious danger remains: that within the white nations there may be found a growing body of opinion anxious to denounce the multi-racial nature of the Commonwealth. This might well be stimulated by Afro-Asian reactions to a future compromise between Britain and the Commonwealth countries concerned on the status

either of the High Commission territories or of Northern Rhodesia and Nyasaland. A club of like-minded members, who in any case adhere to one another, could be no substitute for an association which has so far always proved progressive.

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PARLIAMENTARY REMINISCENCES, 1940-1955

I

I HAD already been, for more than 30 years, Professor of French in the Queen's University of Belfast when, owing to the retirement of the Professor of Surgery, the well-known Colonel Sinclair, I was invited to stand as Unionist candidate for the University at Westminster. There was no opposition, and I was declared by the Vice-Chancellor to be duly elected on November 2, 1940. Sir Joseph McConnell, one of the Members for Antrim, and Honorary Secretary to the Ulster Party at Westminster, rang me up as soon as the result was known, and said he was going over to London the following Monday and would like me to accompany him, in order that I might take the oath of allegiance to His Majesty, and afterwards, with the usual formalities, take my seat in the House of Commons. I at once said to Sir Joseph, "But what about the Writ? It will not yet have arrived at Westminster, and how can I possibly take my seat?" "Well," he replied, "go straight down to the Law Courts and see the Clerk of the Crown." When I arrived there the next day (Saturday) I told the Clerk that I was most anxious to take Monday's steamer by Larne and Stranraer with Sir Joseph McConnell, and asked whether he would allow me to take the Writ with me, but he said this was quite impossible. I replied that I had already acted as King's Messenger when, as an officer in the Navy, I had been employed at the end of the First World War as Secretary to His Majesty's Minister at Stockholm. I told him that I had brought back despatches in what is called the "Diplomatic Bag," and my wife and I had been shown every possible courtesy when, on arriving at Newcastle, the military came on board and asked for Professor and Mrs. Savory. Everybody else had had to remain behind while we alone had been taken off to the station and put into a first-class saloon carriage, which was duly locked, and on the outside of which was written "King's Messenger." In that way we had travelled back to London, and I had driven immediately to the Foreign Office and had obtained a receipt for the bag. I was very glad to feel that my responsibility for His Majesty's despatches was over. As we were alone in this large reserved compartment, and the demand for seats was very great, people, at every stop such as Grantham, had wanted to force their way into the carriage. I remember seeing an old colonel thumping on the window of the compartment and demanding to be admitted. All I could do was to point to the notice pasted on the window—"King's Messenger"—and try to explain to him that it was impossible for me to allow him to get into the carriage.

I told the Clerk of the Crown at the Law Courts in Belfast this story, and asked him whether I could not take the Writ with me. He finally decided to let me do this. I had a huge black case into which I was able to put the

Writ, lock it up and seal it. Consequently, after the week-end Sir Joseph and I were able to proceed to London with this precious document in my possession. We drove from Euston Station direct to the House of Lords, where we kept continually asking various policemen, "Where is the office of the Clerk of the Crown?" Nobody seemed to know. They sent us up one staircase after another and through long corridors, until at last we reached the office. I rushed in almost breathless, and said, "Are you the Clerk of the Crown?" He said "Yes, and what can I do for you?" "Well," I said, "I have been elected as Member of Parliament for the University of Belfast, and I have the Writ here with me." He replied, "You do not mean to say that you have brought it yourself? This is absolutely unprecedented." "Well," I said, "I am very glad to be able to tell you that the Clerk of the Crown in Belfast decided to entrust me with it, and I should be very glad if you would make all the necessary arrangements so that I can take my seat tomorrow." He said, "I will do my very best," and then I presented myself to the Chief Whip, who gave me a full-dress rehearsal of the proceedings which were to take place. My two sponsors were the Leader of the Ulster Party and the Chief Whip.

The ceremony is a rather complicated one. It is necessary first of all for the new Member and his two sponsors to bow to the Speaker and then advance, keeping time with the left foot, seven paces, then bow once more, and advance another seven paces, by which time one has reached the desk of the Clerk of the House. The two sponsors then bow to the Member, and he responds to their courtesy, goes forward to the table, and the Clerk administers the oath to him. He then advances to the Speaker's chair, is introduced by the Clerk of the House, and the Speaker graciously extends his hand and congratulates him on his election. He at once passes behind the Speaker's chair, goes round by the corridor used for divisions and takes his seat in the House as a fully qualified Member.

With me, as with other new Members, the question arose as to when I should make my maiden speech. The number of people who asked me this was extraordinary. I always made the same answer, namely that I wanted to wait till there arose a debate on Foreign Affairs, as I should like my subject to be taken from that wide field when addressing the House of Commons for the first time. As a matter of fact it was not till the month of May, 1941, that I had this opportunity, which I at once seized, and going up to the Speaker in the chair I asked him whether he would be good enough to call me so as to enable me to make my maiden speech. He enquired when I would like to be called, and I replied that I wished to get the ordeal over as soon as possible. He said, "Well, the earliest possible moment that I can call you is as fourth speaker. First of all Anthony Eden as Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs will open the debate, and he will be followed by a representative of the Labour Party, and afterwards—as is the usual custom—the Liberal leader will also get up to address the House. Consequently, I will call on you to speak fourth." I asked what length of time he could allow me. He replied, "I know you are an expert on Foreign Affairs; how would half an hour suit you?" I answered, "Mr. Speaker, that seems to me very generous." "Yes," he said, "but"—and to emphasize the point he raised the first finger of his right hand—"do not exceed it."

I was advised by a very old friend of the family, the late Sir Waldron Smithers, to leave all my notes in the library, take the plunge, and speak

absolutely freely without referring to any papers whatsoever. He also gave me another piece of advice, which was even better, and this was that before getting up to speak, I should say a prayer asking for Divine help. I had my eye on the clock, and when I saw that I was getting near to the close of the half hour I brought my speech to a conclusion, at exactly 29½ minutes after having got up. I am glad to say that the experiment of speaking without notes, though it seemed to me at first a terrible ordeal, was very good advice, because so often new Members read their speeches, throw away the opportunity of a lifetime, and make no impression on the House. That same afternoon the Speaker was giving a reception which I was invited to attend, and when my name was read out I was introduced to him again, and he came up to me and said, "Savory, you are a new boy, but you are a good boy." I was very glad indeed that he had given me a good mark for having carried out his strict injunction not to exceed the half hour which he had so kindly allowed me. In my maiden speech I dealt with the whole subject of European affairs as they presented themselves at that time—May 6, 1941.

I deplored the fact that after the First World War the insistent suggestion of Marshal Foch had not been adopted to form out of the territory on the left bank of the Rhine a neutral state, because events had proved that he had been perfectly right in maintaining that that river was the sole barrier on which France could rely for protection in the event of another European war. "The great Marshal had taken the trouble," I said, "to go over specially to London in order to convince the then Prime Minister that the Rhine should not be abandoned, as it was absolutely essential to the defence of France. Marshal Foch had gone before the Supreme Council of the Allies—the Big Four—with exactly the same argument. He had persisted further in appearing before the Council of French Ministers. Lastly, he had insisted on going before the delegates of the Allies as a whole, 'Once you sacrifice the Rhine,' he had said, 'no other obstacle exists which can withstand the onrush of the German armies'." I continued the argument in the following words:—"If we read this statement of Marshal Foch with those repeated and persistent memoranda in the light of the events of May and June, 1940, it must appear to us to be absolutely prophetic. He described exactly what would be the advance of the German Armies if once the Rhine were abandoned. He said that Paris would fall a victim within a very few weeks; and we saw in May and June, 1940, that neither the Meuse nor the Somme nor even the Marne held back the German attack for more than a few hours. It is a calumny to say that Marshal Foch desired the annexation of the left bank of the Rhine. He was entirely opposed, and so was President Poincaré, to the incorporation in French territory of those five million Germans. What he said in each of his four memoranda, and repeated with constant reiteration, was that you must make the left bank of the Rhine into a buffer state and give it exactly the same autonomy that you have given, by a long period of international usage, to Switzerland. That was the argument of Marshal Foch, the greatest military expert of the age, but the advice was rejected, unfortunately, by the politicians, with the disastrous consequences of which we are all aware."

I recalled the fact that France had been promised some compensation for the return of the left bank of the Rhine to Germany. She had been given, by the United States and Great Britain, a guarantee against German aggression. But, with tragic consequences for France and for Europe, the United States

had failed to honour the signature of its President. The Senate of the United States had refused to ratify that Treaty of Guarantees. Although this House of Commons and the House of Lords had unanimously given the guarantee, yet in accordance with the Preamble of the Treaty, our guarantee had also fallen to the ground with that of the United States. One thing had been left. We had promised France to maintain for five years the bridgehead at Cologne, for 10 years the bridgehead at Coblenz, and for 15 years the bridgehead at Mainz. Before the time had elapsed, in 1930, France was induced to sacrifice the last of those bridgeheads, at Mainz, and no further protection was left, except that we had insisted that the left bank of the Rhine, and a zone of 50 kilometres on the right bank, should, under the Clauses of the Treaty of Versailles, be a neutral and demilitarized zone, into which Germany could neither bring her armed forces nor erect fortifications.

France had felt that she was entitled at least to the guarantee of this neutral zone. As late as May, 1935, Hitler had renewed the guarantee. What he then said regarding it was that, while Germany could hardly be expected to observe treaties which had been imposed upon her by force, she was always ready to maintain any treaty to which she had agreed of her own free will. The Chancellor specifically mentioned among those treaties the Pact of Locarno, which had been voluntarily agreed to and which had even been adopted on the suggestion of the German Government itself.

On March 7, 1936, however, we were presented with an extraordinary *coup d'état*. The news arrived that the Germans—in flagrant violation of this very Pact and of Hitler's word given only 10 months before—had invaded the demilitarized zone and that large Nazi forces had entered Cologne and been received with acclamation. By one of the very gravest errors ever committed by statesmen of repute France and Britain failed to take any action to oppose the German invasion and thus the last golden opportunity of stopping Hitler was irrevocably lost. To this day the French throw the blame upon the British Government for their own failure to take action, and indeed they were at that time profoundly discouraged by England's omission to give them the backing to which they felt they were entitled. Knowing that the House of Commons sometimes likes to hear personal experiences I mentioned in my maiden speech that I had been in Paris when all this happened and had told my French friends quite frankly: "You cannot always make the British Government the scapegoat for all your faults. You, yourselves, have neglected to take the necessary action." I was then informed on the highest authority at that time that the French General Staff had been unanimous in recommending the French Government to go forward and, in accordance with the Treaty of Versailles, confirmed by the Treaty of Locarno, to occupy the Rhine bridges. If the French Government did not do so, it was not merely as a consequence of pressure brought to bear upon it by Mr. Baldwin's Government, as has been so often alleged, but because the French Prime Minister at that time, M. Sarraut, hesitated, though he fully desired mobilization, to impose his will on the pacifist members of his Cabinet.

Bearing these facts in mind, on my return home through London in March, 1936, I was so convinced of the absolute necessity of the British Government's taking some step that I came here and interviewed any friends I had in the House of Commons. I did everything in my power. My influence was very small, of course, but my conscience is clear. I entreated my friends

to press the British Government to take that necessary and essential step. All that happened was a mild protest, and a *questionnaire* drawn up by the then Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, addressed to Hitler, to which, I believe, he had never to this day condescended to reply.

DOUGLAS SAVORY

To be continued.

MARKING TIME FOR HUMAN RIGHTS

NEXT year, 1958, will be the tenth anniversary of the adoption by the General Assembly of the United Nations of the Universal Declaration of Human Rights. It is proposed to celebrate the occasion all over the world by meetings and processions, and publications of all kinds. That would seem to be a little excessive. The Universal Declaration of 1948 was hailed as a great step forward for the international assurance of the rights of man and fundamental freedoms. It was a counsel of perfection, a model for action by states, and not binding on any of the nations which signed it. But it was hoped and intended in 1948 that the Declaration would soon be followed by international conventions or covenants, which would define the human rights, both civil and economic and social, and would be binding obligations on the states which ratified them. Further there should be machinery of the United Nations to implement the conventions, and to enable persons or groups who complained of the violation of their human rights to bring their grievance before an international authority. The hopes have been so far sadly frustrated. Seldom have fundamental human rights and freedoms been so grossly flouted as in this last decade since the Declaration was adopted. Witness what has been done during the last year in Hungary, Egypt and South Africa. And the United Nations is impotent. By no intervention or reprimand has it been possible to check abuses.

Two covenants were finally drafted after much labour by the Human Rights Commission with a view to give precision and legal effect to the principles of the Declaration: one on civil and political, the other on economic and social rights. They were passed some years ago by the Economic and Social Council, and are now being examined article by article in the annual Assembly of the United Nations. But the progress is painfully slow. Moreover, a serious setback to the cause of an International Bill of Human Rights, which was contemplated by the Charter of the United Nations, has been the unexpected negative attitude of the United States. The initiative in promoting the inclusion in the Charter of international protection of human rights was taken at San Francisco by the United States. For a time the American representative on the Human Rights Commission, Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt, was its chairman and the *spiritus rector*. In the rigors of the Cold War, however, the American Government had second thoughts. Apprehensive that any covenant would be used by the Communist States, who would themselves refuse to sign a covenant, to foment difficulties for the democratic states, they announced that they were opposed to the adoption of binding covenants in these matters, and would take no more part in the discussion of the articles. To cover their withdrawal they proposed to the Human Rights Commission a "programme for action," which was a thinly veiled pretext for inaction. Study, and more study.

should engage, or divert, the attention of governments and of the many Non-Governmental Organizations which were seriously concerned about human rights. The Commission should make a thorough study of specific human rights included in the Declaration, and they should encourage seminars—a blessed German word—in many countries to discuss particular rights. Finally, governments should render reports annually of what they have done, but not presumably of what they had failed to do, to protect human rights in their country.

The programme was approved somewhat reluctantly by a small majority of the Commission in 1954, and it is of interest to note what happened at the last meeting, the thirteenth, of the Human Rights Commission, which was held at Geneva in April. The Commission contained among its 18 members, representing 18 states, some new-comers, notably Ceylon and Israel, who came with a fresh and almost naive enthusiasm. But it did not contrive to advance any of the different aspects of human rights which appear on its formidable programme. Following the jibe levelled at the League of Nations, it touched nothing which it did not adjourn.

The Commission spent one of its four weeks of the session in a full and exhaustive discussion on the manner of celebrating the tenth anniversary of the Declaration. And finally they referred it to a committee of their members. Then they had to consider the report of their own committee, appointed in the previous year, to study the particular right of everyone to be free from arbitrary arrest, detention and exile. That was the first article of the draft Covenant on civil rights to receive this searching treatment. All the Commission could do about it was to refer the report to a sub-committee of their own members. So another year will pass before the Commission has to think again. Next they turned to consider another report of a sub-commission on Prevention of Discrimination and Protection of Minorities. That is a body which was set up simultaneously with the Commission, and began likewise with high hopes of formulating a comprehensive convention. It, too, has had to abandon these large expectations and to embark on study of particular forms of discrimination, e.g., in education, the rights and practices of religion, and employment. The reports which the full Commission received on the two former subjects were not ready for examination by the Economic and Social Council, the higher authority to which the Commission passes its recommendations. Paradoxically, it is the representative of the Soviet Union who in these matters presses for action, and poses as the champion of the rights of minorities and of the removal of all discrimination.

Another matter on which the sub-commission reported was the proposal to hold a second conference of Non-Governmental Organizations on these matters. The "NGOs"—as they are called—which are recognized by the Economic and Social Council as having consultative status in different activities of the Council, may make and initiate proposals, submit memoranda, and voice their views before the Human Rights Commission. They are pressing for more positive action by governments; and two years ago their conference, which met at Geneva, passed a series of resolutions which were submitted to the Council. Now some of them were anxious to have a second try, but others were sceptical and apprehensive that a second resolutionary conference would not be productive of good. The spokesmen of the two contending views were heard by the Commission; and as the outcome, the

matter was sent back to the sub-commission which should seek to define more precisely the purposes of a second conference.

Two subjects, long dormant in the agenda, were broached at this session, and made a little progress. In accordance with a decision at its twelfth sitting, the Commission started to examine a draft declaration on the Rights of the Child, which would supplement the Universal Declaration of Human Rights. The document was drafted seven years ago by the international Union for Child Welfare, and considered by the Social Commission of the Economic and Social Council. It is at present, anyhow, non-controversial; and the draft is to be sent to governments for their consideration. The other novelty was concerned with the Right of Asylum. The proposal is for a declaration by states according the right of asylum to persons fleeing from political or religious persecution in their country. So far, there is no international instrument defining such a right. The provision in the Universal Declaration of Human Rights is studiously vague and indefinite; "Everyone has the right to seek, and to enjoy in other countries, asylum from persecution." But the words clearly do not impose an obligation on the other country to grant asylum. An attempt to introduce an article in the draft covenant on human rights failed for lack of agreement on any text. The subject seems ripe for international discussion; and the first step at least was taken by a resolution of the commission to circulate a draft declaration to governments and ask for their comments on the preliminary document. Yet it may be years before something positive and binding is adopted.

Of the hardy annuals, which come up again and again, "freedom of information" was on the programme this year, and found an active sponsor in the representative of India. The attempt to pass a convention on the subject, which in the heyday of enthusiasm for human rights seemed promising, has been to all intents and purposes abandoned. The Commission now was asked, and passed a resolution, with many abstentions, to review the progress made in the field of freedom information, "and consideration of measures for the effective protection of that right, with such recommendations as may be necessary." Another resolution was passed to add a survey of the means of communication in different countries.

The American "programme for action" included the enlargement of the United Nations Year-book on Human Rights by reports of governments on what had been done in connection with some specific right. It was encouraging that 56 states had sent a report on the subject of freedom from arbitrary arrest. The consolidation of these reports may provide some useful material for the Secretariat and for the Commission at its next session. The other recommendation was for the extension of advisory services of experts in the field of Human Rights. Immediately, the purpose is to send expert leaders for Seminars, in which leading persons of a country or region will have the opportunity of scientific study of some specific issue. Some response has been received to enquiry for meetings of this character, particularly from remoter parts of the world, e.g., Bangkok.

The other perennial item on the agenda of the session is "communications," as it is termed. The innocuous word covers petitions or complaints, received in thousands by the Secretariat of the United Nations from individuals or groups, about denial or violation of human rights. They must be reported to the Commission. Two lists are drawn up by the Secretary General, one confidential and the other non-confidential, with the

replies of any of the governments concerned. By tradition the Commission can do nothing about these complaints except take note of them. The new members of the Commission, Ceylon and Israel, thought that this was evasion of responsibility; and wanted some action. But they were chastened by the veteran members, tradition was followed, and nothing was done. Perhaps the General Assembly of the United Nations one day will be moved, as the Council of Europe has been moved, to set up some organ which will make the protection of individual rights by the world society less of a hollow pretence than it is today. It is the melancholy result of the years of attrition of idealism in the organs of the United Nations that the Human Rights Commission must keep its hands off actual problems.

NORMAN BENTWICH

THE SECOND EMPIRE. VII. DUC DE MORNAY

IN his capacity as Minister of the Interior and fortified by the confidence of the Dictator, Mornay was for a short period the virtual Premier. While Louis Napoleon was to look back on the December days with mingled feelings of triumph and regret at the bloodshed, Mornay, with his stronger nerves and thicker skin, always prided himself on saving the country from anarchy and setting her feet on the path to order, prosperity and renown. "Auguste has been heroic," wrote Flahaut to his wife. "His courage, resolution, good sense, prudence, severity, good humour, *sang-froid* have been unequalled, and one may say the same of his modesty. Those who love him can be proud of him." The old General, who had been initiated into the plot, witnessed its execution but took no part; no one rejoiced more sincerely at the launching of the Second Empire. "The chances of conciliation had been exhausted," testified Rouher on Mornay's death 14 years later. "Before December France was torn by dissensions and almost reproached Prince Louis Napoleon for not saving her. The Emperor took his decision and entrusted its execution to M. de Mornay. Penetrated by the importance of the social service he was to render, he accepted this formidable responsibility with a kind of gaiety and courageous delight. We all know with what coolness, moderation and serene firmness he fulfilled his memorable and perilous task. He was the General Monck of nineteenth century France."

The new Minister of the Interior only retained his post for a few weeks, for the first important act of the new Dictator was a surprise and a shock. The confiscation of part of the Orleans property given to his children on his accession by Louis Philippe, and subsequently sanctioned by law, was widely condemned as unworthy of the man whose life had been spared after his two attempts to overthrow the July Monarchy: that the decree pronounced the grant of 1830 illegal and that the money was used for social betterment failed to remove resentment. Mornay, who had received nothing but kindness from the House of Orleans, resigned and no attempt was made to keep him. "Since the second of December," he wrote in anger to his father, "I have come to understand his character still better. He has no real friendship for anyone. He is suspicious and ungrateful, and only likes those who obey him slavishly and flatter him. He could not find anyone else for the second of December, so he made use of me. I risked my life and accomplished my task, but what matter? I am in the way. I

am neither a slave nor a sycophant, so I am cast off as useless. I would prefer to have nothing more to do with this government. I feel affection for the man himself but contempt for his government and his entourage."

Apart from the Orleans issue there had been a slight cooling off when Morny began to parade his relationship and introduced Flahaut on his visits to Paris as *mon père*. He retained his seat in the Chamber, while never opposing the measures of the government. For the next two years he held aloof from politics and devoted himself mainly to his business interests and to the charms of society. Industrialists sought his permission to whisper the magic formula *Morny est dans l'affaire*. He was no less enterprising and no less successful in love than in commerce and finance.

Morny was too able and too loyal to be long ignored by the Emperor who appointed him President of the Chamber when the post fell vacant in 1854. The work suited him better than that of a Minister with little time left to enjoy himself, and he filled the post with a quiet dignity which won recognition from friends and foes of the regime. Since the power of the Chamber was strictly limited and no interpellations were allowed the atmosphere was calm, and the members of the Opposition could be counted on the fingers of one hand. Beyond the fact that he was a pillar and a beneficiary of the regime Morny was not by nature a politician and cared little for the party game. When the Crimean War was over that Emperor strove to restore friendly relations with Russia. Nicholas, who had declined to address the parvenue Dictator as *mon frère*, was dead and the coronation of Alexander II provided the opportunity for a fresh start. That the most influential figure in France after the ruler should represent his country was to pay the new Tsar a compliment, but the success of his mission was due as much to his personal distinction as to his rank. The new ties with Russia were strengthened by his marriage with Sophie Troubetzkoï, maid of honour to the Empress and a member of one of the highest families in the land. Meeting at a ball at the Winter Palace they were attracted to each other without being romantically in love, and she scarcely expected marital fidelity. Returning home one day earlier than expected she found her husband with one of her ladies, dismissed her, and forgave her erring partner. Mild affection persisted till the end and there were four children of the marriage, but she made no effort to perform her duties as the hostess of the President of the Chamber. She took little interest in politics, despised politicians, and sometimes failed to appear at official receptions. His friends were surprised at the marriage, and his old flame Countess Le Hon resented the abrupt termination of their *liaison*. "France requires my marriage and the Emperor desires it," he wrote to her. She was not impressed by the excuse, and the Emperor exclaimed "*le faquin*."

The eight years between Morny's return from Russia and his death in 1865 were the most brilliant phase of his career. His services were rewarded in 1862 by the title of Duke, and his favour at court contrasted with the hostility of Prince Napoleon. Though lacking literary talent he loved the theatre and wrote light comedies under the pseudonym of M. de Saint-Rémy. The secret leaked out or may have been let out, and flatterers paid homage to inferior work, which Rochefort, the *enfant terrible* of the French press, denounced in the *Figaro* as trash. His only intimate in the literary world was Ludovic Halévy, dramatist and novelist, who helped him with his vaudevilles. Though Alphonse Daudet was one of his secretaries he never

realized his abilities, little guessing that the young meridional would immortalize him as the Duc de Mora in *Le Nabab*. Among writers who attended his receptions were Emile Augier, Edmond About, Octave Feuillet, Arsène Houssaye and Labiche—none of them stars of the first magnitude but popular enough in their day. He was a better judge of pictures than of literature, patronizing rising artists as well as collecting Old Masters. His most enduring monument is Deauville.

As President of the Chamber Morny had better opportunities of judging political trends than the Emperor who hardly knew the names of the speakers when he read the carefully edited reports of the debates. While neither of the brothers had the slightest intention of establishing Parliamentary control of the Executive, Morny came to realize that the regime would be strengthened by minor concessions. After a decade of internal peace the dread of social revolution which had made the Second Empire possible had disappeared. The muzzling of the press was particularly resented. Though only five deputies ventured on systematic criticism, *Les Cinq* represented a growing body of opinion outside the Palais Bourbon. The first relaxation of autocracy in 1860 permitted a reply to the Speech from the Throne. Morny was impressed by the eloquence and sincerity of Emile Ollivier, the most prominent member of *Les Cinq*, introduced him to the Emperor, and soured him about accepting office. "I have always been both Conservative and Liberal," he declared, but the young lawyer desired more scope than either the Emperor or Morny was prepared at that moment to give. Though "the Liberal Empire" which they envisaged only began to take shape after Morny's death he may claim to have prepared the way.

The election of 1863 revealed diminishing support in the large cities and reinforced both Republicans and Monarchists in the Chamber with formidable recruits, among them Berryer and Thiers. The President's opening speech registered a distinct atmospheric change. "The votes of the people have restored to us Parliamentary veterans and for my part I rejoice." On reading the report the Emperor gently complained that "rejoice" was rather a strange word to use in regard to Thiers, a notorious enemy. Morny was impenitent, and on being described by a member as an enemy of liberty he nailed his colours to the mast. "You do me an injustice. I know that the Empire cannot live without it, and if it develops some day the country will owe it to me." With the concession of the right of interpellation the debates became more lively and the Chamber more representative.

Among the crowding business interests of Morny's later years was the development of Mexico. A Swiss banker named Jecker, who had obtained French nationality, supplied 75 million francs to Miramon, the right-wing competitor for power in that land of revolutions, to be repaid with interest after his expected victory. Well aware of the highly speculative character of his investment, he approached Morny who promised to secure high priority among other French claims on the Mexican state. When Juarez won the race he repudiated the loans of his rival, and as a last resource Jecker turned to the Emperor for help. "You will have heard of my loan," he wrote in 1869, two years after the execution of the Emperor Maximilian wound up the Mexican adventure. "I feel the government is too indifferent, and it may injure the Emperor if nothing is done. You are doubtless unaware that the Duc de Morny was my associate and was to receive 30 per cent of

the profits in return for securing payment of the claim." By this time Morny had been dead for four years and the ailing Emperor had more important things to think about. How deeply was the Duke involved? While his first serious biographer Boulenger argues that Jecker exaggerated his involvement, the latest contends that the financier's statement should be accepted at its face value. The debate is of minor historical significance, for the Jecker loan played no decisive part in the evolution of national policy.

The decline of Morny's health after his fiftieth year was aggravated by his addiction to drugs, one of which contained arsenic, a powerful stimulant followed by an equally powerful reaction, described in Daudet's novel as "Dr. Jenkins' pills." Even a wiser physician could scarcely have lengthened the days of a man who had worn himself out by sensual indulgence, the whirl of society, late hours, and the exacting claims of public life. The last order of the dying Duke was to burn a mass of letters recording his many love affairs. The Emperor and Empress visited him a few hours before the end, and the former left the bedroom of his partially conscious half-brother in tears. *Felix opportunitate mortis*, "His Elegance" was spared the collapse of the Second Empire of which he had been one of the principal architects and ornaments. He used his influence to fill his pockets, complained Prince Napoleon, who disliked and despised almost every member of the Emperor's entourage, and whose verdicts need not always be taken too seriously. The fairest verdict was delivered by Lord Cowley, the British Ambassador. "In critical moments he had great calmness and firmness, and even his enemies admit that his judgment in political affairs when not warped by his own interests was sound. He was a very good and impartial President of the Legislative Body and I believe desired the Emperor to give them greater liberty of discussion. He had it in him, if he had been honest, to be a very great man."

G. P. GOOCH

To be continued.

DOROTHY RICHARDSON'S NOVELS

THE death of the novelist Dorothy Richardson, aged eighty-four, on June 17 makes us realize just how far distant is what we once called "the modern movement." Few younger readers will probably know of her fictional sequences in 12 parts, the first of which was published in 1915, the last in 1938, and which in its entirety she called *Pilgrimage*. The cultural perspective changes with the years, and the one in terms of which we view the arts today differs from that of Miss Richardson's time. Two dates will help to establish that lost world of values which was hers. The first, and the more important of the two, is the year 1907, in which Bergson's *L'Evolution créatrice* was published in France; the second, 1922, which marks the appearance of James Joyce's *Ulysses*. Between the two we have the clue to her aims and means—the philosophic justification for her work and a hint as to her method of approach.

In one of his winning similes the French philosopher likens the flow of reality to a fountain which, fanning out as it rises, partly withholds the descending drops. The fountain, in its upward column, is vital activity (the *élan vital*) in its purest form, while the drops which fall back are the creative moment, diffused and spent—in other words, dead matter. Now it is only,

Bergson argued, this dead matter which we can really know or which our intellect can satisfactorily deal with. Life, in its constant process of "becoming," can only be schematized in terms of past knowledge. We can only examine and categorize the present when it has dropped back into the past. One of the conclusions of Bergson's thought is that what the rational mind can comprehend has its set and restricted limits. It can only deal with reality by turning its creativeness into dead concepts, into an arbitrary coinage of ideas. Reality, in its "living," flowing state, can however be grasped by the intuitive mind, one of whose activities is art. It can be seen how such a philosophy stimulates literature, enhancing its status. Other writers, besides Dorothy Richardson, clearly realized the possibility of literature as a new mode of knowledge, as the sole knowledge of the "incarnate Now." D. H. Lawrence, for example, speaks of it in his Preface to *New Poems* (1920). There he desiderates a poetry of the "immediate present," an "instant poetry" of "the living plasm." Such poetry, he maintains, "cannot have the same body or the same motion as the poetry of the before and after. It can never submit to the same conditions. It is never finished. . . . There is no static perfection [in it]." How well these words apply to Dorothy Richardson's method of fiction all her readers will recognize. "We change without ceasing," wrote Bergson. "There is no feeling, no idea, no volition which is not undergoing change at every moment . . . an ego which does not change does not endure."

It was this sense of the continuous present, of the present in its flight, which Dorothy Richardson strove to convey in *Pilgrimage*, believing that in doing so she was presenting reality both more immediately and truly than any fiction which admitted the conventional distinction of present and past. The subject she chose was growing-up, or "becoming" as Bergson would have expressed it, and the character on whom her attention focused was a girl called Miriam, through whose senses and consciousness the story is mediated to us. In a very real fashion, there is no story save Miriam herself. Everything comes to us through her, and everything occurs as if it were present, as much in the later books where Miriam is adult as in the ones which detail her adolescence. In her make-up, Dorothy Richardson was something of a literary suffragette. She sought to complement the newly-won political emancipation¹ of women with an inner liberation of woman's mind. According to her, the world of speech was controlled and tyrannized by man. Women imitated the way that men spoke, and always in converse adopted their language. This led to a falsification of women in their own eyes as well as in their relationship with men. Dorothy Richardson set herself against this. She attempted to present feminine consciousness without the protective verbal colouring which women take from masculine speech; and in all the two thousand pages of *Pilgrimage* there is not one effort to see the world from a man's point of view. The result is, or was, something quite new. The thronging, volatile, fluctuant mind—which we associate with feminine consciousness—has never been so plentifully recorded before; and if such a critic as A. C. Ward protested that much of its contents seemed "litter," we can say that psychologically (if not artistically) the gain was still ours.

Perhaps it is the book's achievement in opening new shafts of light on woman's mental hinterland which constitute its best claim to fame. H. G.

¹ The Suffragette Movement ended in 1918, when women over thirty were granted the vote.

Wells spoke of its "real and successful thrust towards a new reality," and if that thrust does not look so fresh today it is because other women writers have developed it further by standing on Dorothy Richardson's shoulders. The chief criticism directed against her by A. C. Ward and Wyndham Lewis is that *Pilgrimage* lacks form. This last term has, here, two connotations. On the one hand it signifies structure, on the other perspective. Both are present in *Pilgrimage* to a minimal degree. James Joyce's *Ulysses* was published in 1922. Four parts of *Pilgrimage* had already appeared by that time, so that Dorothy Richardson had clearly come upon her own method of presentation. But the mention of *Ulysses* is relevant to her work, since most readers associate the "stream of consciousness" technique and the "interior monologue" with the Irish novelist's art; and it is these two devices upon which *Pilgrimage* depends. Not that they are pressed to their farthest limits. There is plenty of dialogue in the book (and this, by the way, is the only means by which we get to know other people outside of Miriam's impressions of them). But Dorothy Richardson did not possess the compositional power of Joyce. What we remember of the book is a certain savour, a certain mood, but no individual sentences. She had not the sense of durable words.

Structure is not solely a matter of style: it is also a question of division into parts, and of the relationship between them; of "beginning, middle, and end," as Aristotle puts it. And here, too, *Pilgrimage* is lacking. Indeed, by reference to its own aesthetic, it was denied any chance of success; for how can a consummated drama be suggested if only a continuous present be believed in? "It is never finished," said D. H. Lawrence of the "instant poetry" he desired to write. "There is no rhythm which returns upon itself, no serpent of eternity with its tail in its own mouth." The only end which such a novel as Dorothy Richardson's can properly have is that which comes from the heroine's death. She had stretched her art to make it coterminous with life, and its only valid boundaries are therefore birth and death. Perhaps the heavier charge against her is that her novel lacks perspective. Her identification with Miriam is so close that she quite dispenses with the author's "interpreting mind." There is no artistic "distance" between the author and heroine; no standing back on the novelist's part to bring Miriam into objective focus. Miriam, in fact, rather than Miss Richardson, is the author of the story. It is her stream of consciousness which carries us along, her values and rejections which mark the reference-points. This refusal to vary or shift her perspective has led to her being accused of monotony. This is a criticism difficult to answer, and one which cannot be refuted on artistic grounds. All we can say is that the unrelieved impact of the ego, in life as in art, produces monotony. We tire of ourselves, and tire others also; and Miriam is, in her effect, truly life-like.

Both her method and achievement have, however, been defended by J. D. Beresford in his essay, *Experiment in the Novel*; and while one may be unable to accept the complete application of his theory to *Pilgrimage*, it offers one valuable consideration. According to him, Miss Richardson has ignored the conventional idea of what constitutes the "high-spots" of a story (engagements, weddings, etc., as events taking place in the physical world), and replaced them with the "high-spots" of inner consciousness.

² Included in *Tradition and Experiment in Present-day Literature*, ed. T. G. Williams (1929).

whose greatest episodes and adventures may be associated with no outward happenings of moment. (One thinks, here, of Proust's memorable experience which came to him while eating the madeleine, in *A La Recherche du Temps Perdu*.) There is insight in this defence, but we may reply that Miriam's thoughts do not all qualify as mental "high-spots," and that a great portion of the book abounds in mundane trivia and chaff. The heads of objections against this novelist are not, indeed, lightly dismissed. In spite of which *Pilgrimage* remains a work of some importance. Part of this importance is historical, no doubt, rather than strictly literary. Miriam is very much a transitional type of woman, pursuing her life in a period when femininity and emancipation were at conscious cross-purposes, even more than today. The feeling of individual freedom which Miriam first experiences (before the Great War) on living in London by herself is made vividly apparent. It is, perhaps, a feeling less possible now, just as it was impossible for Charlotte Brontë 50 years before. More than the work of Virginia Woolf (whose wit and intelligence are greater), *Pilgrimage* presents a closed, a sealed world; a world where men are mechanical shadows and only women are psychically real. To read it is to move about inside a cocoon of female subjectivity. A fascinating privilege if, in the long run, sometimes claustranabolic.

DEREK STANFORD

JOSEPH II OF AUSTRIA

JOSEPH II was the greatest of all Habsburg monarchs and also the most unhappy. A genius in his strivings but often a dilettante in the execution of his plans; a man of enormous will power but lacking stamina; a revolutionary who believed that he could overthrow the traditions of centuries with a few strokes of his pen; an autocrat and an imperialist. Maria Theresa, his mother, was—if this modern expression be permitted—a Tory-Democrat. She wanted moderate reforms and, because they were moderate, she was able to implement them. She saved Austria by her grandiose heroism and with the help of the Magyars—who received substantial concessions for their help—from her enemies, Prussia, Bavaria, France and Spain. She created a new and better administration. She proclaimed universal and compulsory education and her elementary school, her "Volksschule," was to be a "Politicum," that is to say not a tool in the hands of fanatical priests but an instrument of state. However, like Queen Victoria, she was no longer her former self after the death of her beloved husband, Francis I. She suddenly became old and lost much of her wonderful initiative after her defeat in the Seven-Year War. But what caused her deepest sorrow was the misfortune of her children. She despatched letter upon letter to warn Marie Antoinette of her frivolity in the face of the impending disaster. She was well aware of the fact that another daughter, Caroline, was unhappy in her marriage with King Ferdinand of Naples. Worst of all was the constant disharmony between her and Joseph, whom she had made "co-regent."

Joseph was born in 1741, when the Monarchy had to fight for its very existence. He was shown to the Hungarian magnates on the arm of his nurse when the Hungarians, moved by the tears and words of the young and beautiful Empress, broke out in the cry: "Moriatur pre rege nostro, Maria

Theresa—"We will die for our 'king,' Maria Theresa!" The extremely attractive child was spoiled to begin with. His features show a likeness to those of the infant Mozart. Later he was submitted to very brutal military training. Perhaps this sudden and distasteful change created in him what modern psychology calls ambivalence, a dual character. He combined idealism with violence, greatness of purpose with pedantry, lofty humanism with cruelty. He loved his mother. When she was ill with smallpox, the faithful Count Khevenhüller, the Lord Chamberlain, describes in his quaint language Joseph's anguish, his tears, his despair. But this love was a Strindberg kind of love—a love blended with hatred. Maria Theresa saw very soon and very clearly his defects. In a memorable letter she implored him not to give way to his sharp wit and not to humiliate faithful old servants. She called him a "Kokette des Geistes" whose brilliant esprit, unless moderated, could be fatal to the Monarchy. Joseph complied for the moment. But it was not his wit that caused his decline and fall. His failure was caused by his political and intellectual radicalism, his lack of psychological insight, his inability to estimate the consequences of his actions and the fierce opposition he created.

In many respects he was right: Maria Theresa was too slow about rebuilding the outmoded administration. She sometimes let herself be influenced by bigotry. Her way of rather indiscriminately subventioning industry—all this irritated Joseph to the utmost, made him feel useless, brought him to the verge of despair. The young eagle wanted to spread his wings and to fly as he fancied. When he demanded that Austria should acquire Bavaria, a new war broke out with Prussia, the arch enemy, a war in which Joseph commanded the army. But the old Empress did not want any more bloodshed; she humiliated herself by writing personally and secretly to Frederick, by promoting and enforcing peace in spite of the wrath of Joseph, who threatened to resign immediately as "co-regent." A new conflict arose when the first partition of Poland could no longer be avoided. Joseph was all for each new increase of territory, Maria Theresa declared with prophetic vision that the disastrous consequences of this shameful and unrighteous act would become evident long after her death. Trembling with fear she wrote to her Chancellor, Kaunitz: "Save, save the Monarchy . . ."

When Maria Theresa died in 1780 Joseph was at liberty to conduct the chariot of Helios, like the unfortunate Phaeton in the Greek saga who finally proved too weak to hold the reins in his flight to heaven. However, three achievements are for ever connected with his name, epoch-making not only in the history of Austria but in the history of mankind. He was a child of his time and of the philosophy of Enlightenment, though he prohibited the writings of the French philosophers and purposely avoided Ferney, where Voltaire lived, during his visit to France. Yet in the true spirit of Enlightenment he freed the peasants from the most essential part of their serfdom in the service of the great landowners. He broke the monopoly of the Catholic Church, although personally a fervent Catholic. His Edict of Toleration granted adherents of other confessions a certain liberty to worship in public. The restrictions and discriminations from which the Jews had suffered during many centuries were abolished. He ordered the building of the gigantic *Allgemeines Krankenhaus*, a vast hospital now ready to be torn down but which two hundred years ago was considered a symbol of the genius of the Emperor, who supervised the minutest details of the construc-

tion and installation. He opened the Prater to the general public as a recreation and pleasure ground. He founded the Burgtheater as a German-speaking artistic and cultural centre. He appreciated and helped Mozart. He was the first Habsburg monarch who personally knew his empire, thanks to countless and endless travels. His omnipresence permitted him to control the work of administration, to criticize laziness and castigate the inefficiency of officials. He created a new class of officials quite in the tradition of Maria Theresa: the Chief of Department, the "Sektions Chef," "Hofrath," whose objectivity and honesty helped Austria to survive after serious setbacks. In every respect it was the underdog to whom the heart of this man belonged who had loved one woman only, his wife, the charming Isabella of Parma, who had died so soon. For the underdog he was to become an almost legendary figure, a fairy tale: the monarch who himself works the plough, a gesture of deeply symbolic significance, the helper in many difficulties. In my biography of Joseph II (Vienna, 1937) I have quoted a number of letters, passages from his diary and extracts from various memoirs which illustrate his constant care and deep pity for the poor.

It was painful for the biographer to trace the deep shadows in this picture of radiant light, to find the causes of his misfortunes. Joseph the humanist abolished capital punishment, but he replaced it by penalties that were perhaps worse than death; the criminals were left chained to the prison walls, kept alive on bread and water, and beaten, or they were sent to forced labour in the most unhealthy regions of Hungary. He abolished censorship: like Frederic the Great, whom he imitated in many respects, he at first declared that insulting pamphlets cannot really harm a righteous monarch. But soon the fierce opposition against his regime, the flood of often very silly invectives caused a volte-face. Censorship was not only restored but a secret police, headed by Count Pergen, was authorized to employ any means of private espionage. He exaggerated his almost Calvinist hatred of outward display and luxury. Himself living like a "poor lieutenant," devoted only to his duty, with the exception of the opera, which he loved, he believed that he was entitled to demand that everybody should do the same. His conflict with the Church and with Pius VI led to a very healthy reduction of the enormous number of monasteries which existed without any social functions. He established a predominance of the state over the ecclesiastical power which was preserved even long after his death; but he issued pedantic regulation of the services and actually forced churches to sell some of their most valuable antiques. He committed a fearful blunder by decreeing that everybody should be buried without a coffin, in chalk, a decree which caused a veritable revolution of public opinion and he was forced to withdraw it.

These were all more or less unimportant details. The catastrophe became inevitable when Joseph suddenly tried to centralize, unify and assimilate the organic parts of the Habsburg Empire. "More geometrico," as the latinists call it, he thought he could fundamentally change the old and venerable conglomeration of Austria-Hungary which largely reposed on little more than dynastic marriages and inheritances. Hungary had always fiercely defended her privileges. During the centuries she had developed a system of local autonomy, the *Komitat*, based on feudal principles: never, and Joseph should have known it, would the proud and long-suppressed Hungarians yield to a dictator. The Belgians who were ruled by the Habsburgs had their constitution, the *Joyeuse Entrée*, which they had upheld even against the

terror of Philip II. Now, all this was to be discarded by order of a foreigner.

But that was not all. Joseph was well acquainted with the natural perfidy of Catherine the Great. He had witnessed her celebrated journey in the Crimea with the equally celebrated and grotesque Potemkin. His better self, his highly developed distrust and contempt of mankind, should have warned him. Despite all these warnings, he let himself be lured by Russia into a war with Turkey which ended with a crushing defeat, very nearly a disaster. Together with Marshal Lacy, he had done his utmost to build up a considerable and well-equipped army. All this immense work proved futile owing to strategic errors for which he was responsible. The autocrat remembered too late that one of the heroes of Maria Theresa's Seven-Year War was still alive, Field-Marshal Laudon, whom he had removed because he was no "Court general" but an independent spirit. Laudon saved what could still be saved and with the help of men like the Prince de Ligne he even conquered Belgrade. When the news reached Vienna, the silver trumpets were sounded and a *Te Deum* was ordered in Saint Stephen's Cathedral, but Joseph had already suffered too much to find comfort in this success, for he was on his deathbed.

He was completely alone. No loving wife, no loving child was at his side to alleviate his long and dreadful agony. Not even his brother Leopold—later the Emperor Leopold II—bothered to say farewell to him and to hear his last wishes. Even Kaunitz, his Grand Vizir, as he was called, refrained from paying a last visit to his dying master, giving way to his almost pathological sensitivity.

Meanwhile, bearers of evil news came almost daily as in a Shakespearean tragedy: Hungary, ablaze and in full revolt, the imperial troops beaten by the Belgians, Ghent lost, Brussels lost. Joseph, sighing and groaning, had to retract all his decrees. All that remained was the Act of Toleration and the freedom of the serfs. "*Je n'ai fait que vouloir.*" he complained, "I have done nothing but wish."

Thus he died, underestimating himself and his achievements as he had overestimated his strength in the years of grandiose designs. For he did more for Austria than he realized. He anticipated the break with feudalism since he himself started this revolution from above. He became the model for his successors of a ruler who, unlike all Habsburg monarchs before him, was not separated from his people by rigid Spanish etiquette, but on the contrary lived with them in simplicity and kept in touch through constant care for their welfare and continuous personal contacts. He impersonated the monarch who stood for everybody's rights and equality, the Defender of human rights against the arrogance of the privileged. It was thus natural that the masses in revolutionary Vienna of 1848 assembled in the square that bears his name, in front of his statue, that the greatest of Austria's poets, Grillparzer, praised him as Klopstock and Herder had done before him, that Austrian liberalism went along the path outlined by him and even repeated some of his mistakes. When he died, the beautiful Princess Eleonore Liechtenstein said: "We were discontented with him, we quarrelled with him, sometimes we even hated him: but there was life and fire in him and around him and now everything is stale, flat and dead." Frederick the Great said: "He always takes the second step before the first one." But like Frederick himself, he was "of such stuff as dreams are made of." The dream was about an ideal and popular monarch. This dream was stronger

than humanity and this is why Joseph II is immortal. ERNST BENEDIKT
Stocksund, Sweden.

FRENCH SOCIALISM IN RETROSPECT

THE fall of Guy Mollet's cabinet on May 21 marked the end of yet another attempt by the French socialists to carry on the government in an uncongenial atmosphere. For 16 months the Premier tried to combine a war in Algeria with mild social reform, tax increases with an adverse trade balance. Since only one-sixth of the National Assembly is socialist, he was forced to trim his policies to the demands of the MRP and Independents. He survived 33 votes of confidence in large part because no one else wished the responsibility of formulating a new programme. Thus the amazing longevity of the Mollet government did not come as the happy culmination to 50 years of organized political activity. At no point has the Socialist Party enjoyed sufficient popular support to enact its own programme. Fifteen per cent of the votes does not entitle it to hope for a change in the immediate future. When in power, moreover, the socialists have been forced to consider colonial and international problems for which neither past experience nor present membership qualify them. They have faced monetary questions at almost every turn, like that which frustrated the famous Popular Front of 1938. Any success like Mollet's state loan for the Algerian war has been a pleasant surprise. This combination of circumstances has been coupled with a decline in recruitment so severe that the party today can claim only 115,000 professionals. Age has soured the hopes which the socialists expressed in 1905 when SFIO, *Parti socialiste, section française de l'Internationale ouvrière*, was founded. Why was the golden anniversary of 1955 merely the prelude to further party frustration?

Perhaps fate, changing times, and world wars account for the disappointment. But surely part of the explanation can be found in the history of the party itself. As a modern political movement socialism has, of course, many strands. By the time Karl Marx was buried in Highgate Cemetery, it had turned from idealistic prophecy to a direct analysis of modern industrialism as the dominant feature of contemporary society. Hence, the programmes urged by socialists were designed, presumably, to solve the problem of directing the means of production more wisely. This the French socialists did by making the issue, like many of their opponents in the Third Republic, one of power and hence of politics. As the state was infused with wider powers, greater centralization and a national mission before 1914, the socialists responded with a new emphasis on the role of the state in achieving the reforms they demanded. This decision to seek the conquest of power raised the question of political responsibility: how far should they accept and use democratically the established political institutions?

The socialists began their search for an answer by considering the position which their many precarious associations should assume. In the years before 1905 they had agreed upon at least minimum aims; the Saint-Mandé programme equated socialism and the collectivisation of property, yoked socialism and the legal assumption of governmental powers, and affiliated French socialism with the Second International. This programme, even if it did not automatically end the fissiparous tendency of French socialism, made a few things obvious. The socialists were to one side

politically; they were an opposition of the extreme left. They were unlikely to confront cabinet responsibilities; they were even unlikely to be invited to join a coalition; and it was impossible for them to seize control immediately. Yet this orientation did not leave the socialists free of testing dilemmas concerning their political activity.

First, as a "fundamental and irreducible opposition," the socialists wished to appear as the party of the proletariat, dedicated to the class struggle. "We wish that each of our acts, each of our words, each of our votes be a socialist act, word, or vote," Edouard Vaillant had informed the Chamber of Deputies. Such devotion did not, however, account for votes and in practice produced nothing more than doctrinal incantation from the speaker's platform. Naturally some socialists declined the opportunity to be so isolated. The moderates hoped to influence this or that piece of legislation. But the left-wing remained adamant in objecting to such latitudinarian views; a Paul Lafargue so admired the single-mindedness of the Irishman Parnell that he attached no value to the small gains that might be obtained by occasional collaboration. Such intransigents appealed to the class character of socialism. However, the "interests of the proletariat" proved distressingly vague, especially when actual cases arose to test the socialist attitude toward politics in the Third Republic.

Even while they were deliberating about the bases of a united party, one prominent socialist, Alexander Millerand, accepted a portfolio in the Waldeck-Rousseau government of 1899. His action provoked, as Rosa Luxembourg observed, "a whole sum of political and economic problems, of principle and tactics which represented the very heart of the socialist struggle." It threw socialist political action into sharp relief and crystallized the theoretical implications which temporary collaboration with non-proletarian parties and governments held for French socialism. The arguments continued for years. The doctrinaire socialists complained bitterly; the moderates sought justification in political flexibility and defence of the Republic. There was a peculiarly elusive quality to the attempt to decide about ministerial participation. All socialists wanted political victory, but they could not agree as to whether Millerand's action was detrimental to such success or not. Other European socialists were also sufficiently worried about this issue that they formally debated the matter in 1904 in the spacious halls of the Concert-Gebouw at Amsterdam. The Second International pronounced such collaboration heretical.

This decision did not dispose of all problems concerning political co-operation with other parties. For example, were the socialists obliged to forsake membership in the *Délégation des gauches*, so useful in arranging the business of the Chamber during the Combes ministry? Once again the moderates championed such a tactical device, particularly as anti-clerical legislation was an avowed goal. The dissidents countered with references to unity: a liberal, reformist political programme prevented unification and failed to achieve dramatic results. Eventually the socialists withdrew from the steering committee. But there were still other forms of co-operation, such as electoral understandings with radicals to prevent the election of reactionaries. In these cases the practice was common enough to French politics that many socialists did not fear disapproval by their constituents.

In short, the socialists believed in politics. Even though Marxist, they did not think that economic means alone would bring the collapse of the

capitalist world. But political action had precipitated a number of controversies over tactics. Some socialists, being intellectuals, tried to formulate a way out in narrow adherence to their doctrinal positions; others, accepting politics as somewhat of a conundrum but feeling compelled to act, charted a less rigid course. The left-wing, having ostensibly greater faith in the predestination of a socialist revolution, considered any deviation reckless; but they could not free themselves from the contradiction that to avoid political risks was virtually to refute their determinist interpretation. Yet the moderates, in avoiding the dangers of forecasting the pattern of events, did not follow through and resolutely practice opportunism as a Lenin might have recommended. This position, though denied in theory by the unified party, was followed in day-by-day affairs and was personified in Jaurès who, as Mr. Cole has remarked in his latest volume on socialist thought, regarded any unconstitutional action "not with the jubilation of the instinctive revolutionary, but as an unpleasant necessity to be avoided as far as possible. . . ." Thus, from the beginning there has been disharmony among socialists as to the appropriate parliamentary course. Despite recurrent compromises the party in theory holds to an independent attitude on governmental participation. This division between theory and practice weakened its political action.

An additional reason for this uncertainty lay in the fact that political involvement produced a curious result. The deputies spent most of their time talking about issues which were but remotely connected with the aim of a new economic order. On matters with which their constituents were most concerned they were unable to effect any great changes. Paradoxically their greatest influence was registered on non-socialist issues like the separation of Church and State and the acceptance of a two-year Army training bill. In practice they lent their support to Radical ministries and in conjunction with other French liberals consistently fought rightist constellations. This was evidence that they would accept at least some responsibility for policy in France. In their voting record also the socialists did not demonstrate either unalterable opposition or rigid unanimity. The moderates scattered their votes more often than the left-wing. Participation at the national level did not produce a systematic approach to parliamentary politics after the main groups joined forces in 1905.

"The worst thing," Jaurès reminded his party members, "would be that people could represent the socialists in this country as a kind of occult and irresponsible power." The party has avoided this charge, but doctrinally they have hesitated to embrace sincere political co-operation. They have been conscious of the political conditions within which they might seek political victory, but they have not offered a programme which was adapted to the circumstances at any given moment. These difficulties are not new; they were present in 1905; they were aired when the communists broke away in 1920; they reappeared in the 1945-1947 debates. Exceptional circumstances have also conspired to prevent that hardening process Jaurès so feared. The Great War of 1914, the Popular Front of 1936, the liberation of 1945, the cabinet crises of 1952 and 1956 have all led to extraordinary participation by the socialists in the highest levels of government. The history of French socialism has emphasized the torments that can come to a party which is a part of the body politic—in this instance within the world of the Third and Fourth Republics—and yet at the same

time looks to some future decade for the fulfilment of its real goals. Surely for many socialists the golden anniversary only summoned up bitter-sweet memories.

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EDUCATION IN EASTERN GERMANY

EVER since its foundation the East German government is fighting a running battle against its most favoured group—teachers and students. There is perpetual crisis in education which began when the Soviet troops occupied East Germany in 1945. They carried out a thorough cleansing of the educational institutions, wherein almost 95 per cent of teachers and students were removed for alleged Nazi associations. All private educational institutions were taken over by the state and a unified school system was created. A directive of the Soviet authorities stated that the aim of education was to build a socialist society, and that the philosophy of education was to be drawn from the progressive traditions with Germany, Russia, the United States and other democratic countries.

The initial educational policy was a mixture of Marxism and progressive German pedagogy, and was supported by non-Marxist educationists who belonged to the tradition of the *Arbeits Schule* or activity schools. But many of the earlier collaborators were rapidly disillusioned. The newly appointed administrators were mostly Communists or Social Democrats. When the two parties were forcibly merged into the Socialist Unity Party in 1946, the school administration came fully under communist control. East Germany became a separate state in 1949 but the Soviet influence on education was reinforced. Works of Soviet pedagogues were translated into German to serve as guides. A new note of nationalism was also introduced. Thus the pedagogical congress held in Leipzig in 1949 declared that "hatred against all enemies of progress, peace and national independence is necessary for patriotic education."

A major auxiliary of the educational system are the youth organizations. There are "Thaelmann Pioneers" for children from five to 14 years, and "Free German Youth" (*Freie Deutsche Jugend*, or FDJ), for youths from 15 to 25. Nominally they are not bound to any political party, but in fact organs of the communist Socialist Unity Party. After 1949 their political orientation became unmistakable; they were developed into mass organizations, comprising about two-thirds of all children and youths in the respective age groups. The youth organizations carry out propaganda, share in educational work, and help to enforce discipline. A student who misses a class may be visited by an FDJ active, who will point out that the educational facilities are provided at the expense of workers and peasants, therefore students are expected not to waste them. The idea is to shame the delinquent, but the actual result is often the contrary. Delegations of workers have lately visited universities to exhort students to respect the political views of their benefactors. The results were much the same. FDJ also organizes "study collectives"—where good students are supposed to help their weaker brothers—and political seminars. There is an FDJ leader on every school and university faculty and, of course, a cell of the Socialist Unity Party, whose secretary is an important person in university life.

The declared aim of equal educational facilities for all, irrespective of

class affiliation, was altered in practice for working-class children are favoured. Workers' and Peasants' Faculties were added to universities and technical schools in 1948 to enable those who did not complete 12 years of high school to enter the higher institutions after three years of pre-university studies. Particular encouragement is given to promising workers in factories and farms. According to official data the number of workers' children in the higher institutes is now well above 50 per cent of the total number of students, compared with less than five per cent before the war. But a very high proportion of the students counted as workers' children actually belong to party and state bureaucracy. They are workers by definition but not in fact. If we discount them, the number of working class youths in higher educational institutes is not higher than 25 per cent. The regime has, in any case, failed to create a proletariat intelligentsia.

East German education is highly centralized. Even minor details are decided by the Central Ministries; thus schools may receive instructions about how many waste paper baskets they may purchase. Detailed study plans are issued by the Ministry or, for universities, by the State Secretariat of Higher Education. The latter controls all university appointments down to teaching and research assistants. It keeps a file on every student, and permission to change a plan of studies or get extra time for a dissertation is rarely forthcoming. A ten-month academic year on the Soviet pattern, in place of the traditional German one of nine months, was introduced in 1951. Russian language was made compulsory from the fifth to twelfth grades in schools and in universities. Western languages such as English and French were neglected. This has provoked much controversy because students consider that compulsory Russian is a sign of their country's political dependence upon the Soviet Union. Moreover, students gain remarkably little proficiency in Russian even after eight years or more of instruction, which is therefore a waste of time. But the regime considers compulsory Russian a matter of political prestige and refuses to give way. The emphasis of education in East Germany has shifted from liberal arts to technical training, high schools are being converted into polytechnic institutes. But complaints are frequent that meagre knowledge of non-scientific subjects, particularly languages, lowers the level of attainment even in scientific and technical subjects.

The syllabuses lay a heavy burden of studies upon students and teachers. Many teachers report cases of over-fatigue, nervousness, high blood pressure and other disturbances among students. But overwork is not the only cause of this, for students developmental conflicts because what they are taught at school is contradicted by their parents, friends, the Western radio, and their own experience. By the time they get to the university they learn to be sceptical of all official statements and belittle everything that is East German. Students are saturated with propaganda. Under the slogan that nothing is politically neutral, every subject is given an ideological colouring. History is the record of class struggles, and literature is studied for its political significance. Thus an examiner may ask students to discuss *Faust* as reflecting the struggle of the rising German bourgeoisie against the feudal classes. Some teachers complain that students lose all sense of literary appreciation and become disoriented in life since education does not help them to gain emotional maturity.

But the most serious controversy rages around the so-called social studies,

actually a course in dialectical materialism. It is compulsory for all university students, including those in technical and professional colleges. Students complain of the low level of instruction, of "vulgarized" Marxism which is threadbare because no serious criticism is attempted. Many students believe that they become marked as undesirables if they voice any doubts. Those who are studying technical subjects consider that the social studies are a waste of their time. Science students rebel against the imposition of Marxism more than the others, partly because science professors have proved to be more independent-minded and partly because the propagandists have given them somewhat less attention in the past. A veritable purge of the science and medical faculties is at present under way. Some professors and many students have escaped to the West, which is, all in all, not unwelcome to the East German authorities, who thus hope to be rid of malcontents. Communist leaders are unhappy that even children of working class parents acquire "bourgeois" attitudes when they go to a university, i.e., their faith in the regime and its ideology is shaken. The leaders are willing to try any remedy except the one that may be successful, namely, giving up their own dogmatism. The restlessness among students and teachers is in no small degree due to the intellectual strait jacket they are expected to wear and which is now in the process of being still further tightened.

Berlin.

SURINDAR SURI

ISRAEL AND THE GERMAN FEDERAL REPUBLIC

SINCE 1952, when I paid my last visit to Israel, the attitude vis-à-vis the Federal Republic as well as to the Germans in general has changed drastically. Almost every day the Jerusalem and Tel-Aviv press publish leading articles concerning Bonn's firm stand in the reparation question, about the relevant statements by Foreign Minister Dr. Heinrich von Brentano, and commending Adenauer for his rejection of protests on the part of the Arabs, particularly Jordan. In order to appreciate fully this transformation, as it may well be called, we should look back to the decisive days of 1952. At that time violent demonstrations took place as a protest against the acceptance of reparations from Germany and against negotiations between Israeli politicians and their colleagues of the Federal Republic, notwithstanding the fact that Israel's economic situation was worse than today and she was the more dependent on imports for her food supply. It was a kind of ship-to-mouth existence, as it were. The bitter memories of the Hitler era were deep-rooted. Leading personalities of the religious bloc and of the Conservative-Liberal General Zionists, who have come to recognize fully the value of the reparations in Israel's development and the absorption of the refugees, believed in 1952 that they were bound to reject such indemnification from a country which had massacred six million Jews. The date on which the then Foreign Minister, Moshe Sharett, flew to Luxembourg was kept as a top secret to avoid terrorist excesses. The first official visitors from the Federal Republic and Berlin travelled under assumed names, though they were the most confirmed anti-Nazis and friends of Israel.

By now invitations to German politicians, writers, journalists, clergymen and humanitarians are no longer an exception. When the first correspondent of the DPA (German Press Agency), Dr. Kuestermayer, a former concentration camp inmate, arrived here recently he was warmly welcomed by the spokesman of the Foreign Ministry and by the press. German ships load

and unload in the Haifa harbour and no incidents ever occur with members of the crew, who are taken care of by the Scandinavian Seamen's Mission. When international tourist boats drop anchor off Haifa for one or more days, passengers from the Federal Republic or from Berlin may take sight-seeing trips as freely and without entry visa as everybody else. Taxi-drivers told me again and again with what genuine and positive interest these German visitors viewed the achievements in the towns and settlements. On all holidays German and Austrian pilgrims visit the Holy Places, and the Ministry of Religious Affairs and the tourist organizations assist them in every way.

I met in the convents German monks and nuns who form the majority in some cases, and the little inmates of the "German Hospiz" in Jerusalem are being instructed in the native tongue of the German Sisters.

A German student, Eva Beling of Frankfurt, is at present enrolled at the Hebrew University in Jerusalem. She is working on her doctorate on the sociological aspect of the German immigration and has already tramped up and down the country. As the daughter of a man who performed miracles for young emigrants to Palestine during the Hitler regime she found everywhere open hearts and a lively interest for the happenings in Germany today. The young German is one of the few foreign students holding a scholarship at the university, which is not too well off financially. This centre of knowledge in Israel, the only Hebrew university in the world, has decided, like the Haifa Technical Institute, to re-introduce German as part of its curriculum—not as a result of pressure from above, but at the request of the students themselves, including those of the Institute for Jewish Studies, who felt that without German they were inadequately equipped for their other studies. I had occasion to attend one of these courses with some very eager participants, many of whom were immigrants from Eastern countries who had never before spoken a word of German. According to statistics of the Jerusalem National and University Library, the demand for German books and magazines is second to that for English literature. Tel-Aviv has two German language papers which have increased their volume. In view of the similarity between German and Yiddish they are being read by numerous immigrants from Eastern Europe who have not yet mastered Hebrew.

Yet it would be mistaken to speak of a complete reversal of public opinion. Clearly, a Manahem Beigin, leader of the radical right-wing Herut, is not taken seriously when he exclaims that normal relations with Germany cannot be resumed before a hundred years. till, it is sometimes found judicious, despite protests, to cancel a Wagner concert, while the programmes of various big organizations, clubs and lodges include already lectures in German. Many of those who have survived ghettos and concentration camps and who may never have known any Germans other than S.S. men, simply refuse to believe in "another Germany." Occasional reports of cemetery desecrations or an anti-Semitic incident in Germany destroy the goodwill so laboriously built up. Many of the former Germans and Austrians cannot make up their minds to visit their countries of birth, though an increasing number manage to overcome this understandable sentiment and return with favourable impressions. It is only logical that those not directly affected by the Jewish catastrophe in Europe, as for instance the so-called Sabras (those born in Israel), find the reconciliation easier in most cases.

Amongst the responsible political personalities whom I met here there is no one who does not desire friendly relations with the Bonn Government. Material considerations, while not decisive, naturally are an important factor. The German reparations after all represent 20 per cent to 30 per cent of Israel's imports. They fulfil their purpose in facilitating the integration of those who have been direct or indirect victims of Hitler. Indirectly this includes also the oriental immigrants since the existence of the Jewish State and the Arab reaction thereto are consequences of the events between 1933 and 1945. Thanks to the prompt arrival of the reparation shipments there has been undisputed progress in Israel's industry, agriculture, shipping, as well as in the extension of her railway system, which was neglected during the mandatory period. In addition, individual compensation payments have been received. They have eased the lot of many Israelis who are struggling hard to keep their ends up in an immigration country whose population has more than doubled since 1948, and they help to create more work through increased purchasing power.

During the past few months of crisis and discontinuation of American economic aid it was noted with satisfaction that the Bonn Government remained firm in the face of isolated German demands and pressures on the part of the Arabs and others. There is a general conviction in Israel that economically the Arabs are far more dependent on Germany than *vice versa*. The fact that the reparations were continued also helped to strengthen the Israeli attitude, which in turn led to acknowledged successes in the greater political arena. Brentano's statement, echoed by other German leaders, that the reparation deliveries would have been maintained even in the event of sanctions, since the Federal Government was not a member of the UN and consequently not bound by its decisions, and since, moreover, these reparations constituted a moral obligation, was reflected not only in the headlines of the Israeli press. It warmed the hearts of the Israeli people in their isolation.

Any visitor to Israel will find that Adenauer is regarded with a great deal of admiration. Ben Gurion himself voiced this sentiment in the first interview which he ever granted to a German journalist. He referred to Adenauer as a great statesman whom he hoped to meet personally in the near future. Even those who look upon Germany with misgivings share this sympathetic view of the Chancellor. On the other hand, many people tend to forget the pioneering work done by the German Social Democrats and the trade unions on behalf of the moral and material restitution to the Jews. Dr. Schumacher opened this issue at a time when the German reaction was anything but favourable. People like Ollenhauer, Professor Carlo Schmid, Berlin's senator Joachim Lipschitz and a West German trade union delegation who have been invited to visit Israel, will have ample opportunity for informative discussions. Normal trade relations between the Federal Republic and Israel have already started and will be intensified once the reparation deliveries are completed, since all the machines will require spare parts. It is also likely that an increasing number of German experts will come to work in Israel. The strict refusal of those already working here to leave the country when Israel started her Sinai campaign naturally made a very favourable impression. Practically nobody doubts now that the establishment of normal diplomatic relations between the Israeli Government and Bonn is only a matter of time. Not a few Israeli politicians would regard this as a favourable step. Isolated from the Middle East by the Arab

economic boycott, the Jewish state must seek closer ties with Europe. France is its *de facto* ally. Germany is the other European power with which friendly relations would be desirable both economically and politically. In view of the fact that the Federal Republic's interest in the Middle East is only economic and not political, some Israeli politicians believe that it may take a more objective stand, is not compelled to change its sympathies according to the prevailing political situation, and that Bonn might even have an opportunity some day to bring about the longed-for peace between Israel and the Arab States.

A. J. FISCHER

THE CO-OPERATIVE MOVEMENT IN BRITAIN

TWO remarks by such diverse, though equally consummate, politicians as Lord Woolton and Mr. Herbert Morrison epitomize the power—and the weakness—of the Co-operative Movement in Great Britain today. Mr. Morrison, addressing the Co-operative Wholesale Society's Luncheon Club at Manchester in April, offered a moral for his audience to ponder over: the moral that every good co-operator should use the "Co-op," which is not always so. Lord Woolton, no doubt in the dual capacity of politician and one-time retail stores operator, is reputed to have told a past president of the Co-operative Wholesale Society—"If you were efficiently organized, all I can say is Heaven help us." Is then this incontestably large organization, with its shops and stores in almost every high street, its own banks, insurance and building societies, tea plantations, factories and farms, and—in terms of political influence—its own spokesman in Parliament, more powerful than is generally recognized? The Movement's retailing strength is exemplified in its ownership of no less than 31,000 shops and stores operated by some 1,000 individual—and autonomous—retail societies. Their aggregate turnover in 1955, £820 million, represented between one-tenth and one-eighth of the Nation's total retail trade. In 1956, moreover, turnover reached the staggering—and unprecedented—total of £844 million.

The total membership which, theoretically, contributes to this trade is probably around 12 million. Potentially, the number of customers served by the "Co-ops" in one way or another is probably much larger, and for this reason. The Movement estimates that there is at least one registered co-operator in half the homes in Britain. If this were to infer that if he or she intended to purchase the family's entire requirements at the local "Co-op," which indubitably is not the case but could be, almost half the population may be regarded as customers, if not as registered members. It is in this context that one can appreciate Mr. Morrison's moral, for, of course, not even every co-operator uses the "Co-op." And even though he may use it for the purchase of groceries, as in fact 25 per cent of the population did during the war, he may prefer to build a house, bank, bury or insure with private enterprise organizations. Mr. Morrison's home may be almost entirely furnished by the Royal Arsenal Co-operative Society, but he willingly concedes that Co-operative styles and designs are not always the most modern, nor is there always a wide enough choice. Yet it is grossly deceptive to suggest, as some writers have suggested, that this is merely a sign, or symptom, of a trading policy which, in its execution, is notoriously behind the times. Nothing could be wider off the mark. It may well be that some individual societies prefer to pay generous dividends to their members at the expense of the latest innovations, while others sensibly invest the bulk of their earnings in the modernization of shops. It

must be pointed out that it was the Co-operative Movement which pioneered the self-service method in Britain after the last war, and that today it occupies a leading and impregnable position in this field.

A business of this magnitude naturally experiences some organizational weaknesses. Clearly, one of them is the relationship between overall sales by the individual societies and their purchases from the Wholesale Society. These represent only slightly more than half the retail societies' total purchases, the remainder being procured from normal trade sources. This state of affairs plainly runs counter to the objective of the Co-operative Wholesale Society which was launched collectively by retail societies to act as the bulk-buying agency, and later to undertake production. Because this is recognized—and accepted as a challenge—the C.W.S. has, for more than a year, subjected its productive elements to a thorough investigation by a prominent firm of management consultants, whose recommendations have been designed to streamline these departments and enable them to operate with the highest degree of efficiency. A typical example is the C.W.S. Footwear Division which in 1955 manufactured and sold to individual societies six million pairs of shoes. Once the consultants' recommendations had been enacted, however, both production and sales rose by 2/300,000 pairs during the first four months of 1956. This advance in efficiency will undoubtedly manifest itself in all branches of the C.W.S. during the next two or three years and ultimately provoke greatly increased sales of better quality, lower priced merchandise to the retail societies, whose trading position will be accordingly enhanced.

Lord Woolton, the retailing expert, may well display some anxiety. But, as a past political organizer, ought he to be concerned also with the Co-operative's power in the political context? Officially there is a Co-operative Party—a distinct political entity with a separate fund financed by the fees from affiliated societies. By agreement with the Labour Party, 38 Co-operative candidates contested the last General Election as joint Co-op and Labour candidates. Nineteen were elected. It would be foolish to deny that all is well with the partnership. Witness merely the signs of discontent embodied in an unquestionably angry resolution moved by the South Suburban, Warrington and Liverpool Societies at the Party's Easter Conference. It would have recorded profound frustration at the apparent neglect of the "Co-op" viewpoint by the Labour Party in its policy statements and sometimes in Parliament. The time was ripe, it urged, for the Movement to play a larger and more responsible part in the councils of the Labour Party at local, regional and national levels. The full force of this grievance was re-affirmed yet again on May 26 by Mr. Jack Bailey, National Secretary of the Co-operative Party. The Movement, he averred, was not a junior partner within the sphere of joint operations with the trade unions and Socialist movements. "The Co-operative Movement makes a willing partner within an association of equals. It could not accept the status of a subordinate. The relationships between the three movements will prosper only if they express the principle of equality in our mutual work and concerns." That was cogently put. Differences exist. One very real difference is the battle for nomination for Parliamentary seats. The trade unions, who enjoy equal representation on the National Council of Labour with the Socialists and the Co-operative Party feel that the "Co-ops" have "stolen" nominations for Labour candidates in constituencies where unions had prior claims. Naturally enough, this has tended to swell the anger of the Co-operative

Movement's members who want more of their candidates, not fewer, to stand for Parliament.

Unless the views of these 12 million (and potentially far more) men and women are sympathetically entertained, the consequence may well mean a deeper rift, if not a slow move away from Labour. It does not follow today that a co-operator is automatically a Socialist. Already the signs of change—and shift—are there, and, ironically, nowhere more emphatically than in Yorkshire, Lancashire and elsewhere in the North where the Movement was born and has always flourished. "Many of our people do not vote Labour," a prominent Northern official recently told the present writer. "Many are active Liberals, and some even Conservatives." After all, is not the historic spirit of Co-operation authentically Liberal? And is it not fundamentally alien to the nationalization of the means of production, distribution and exchange? This attitude, coupled with the Labour Party's own awareness of the present uneasy relationship, may explain the notion advanced by Mr. Morrison that it was time to discuss the place of co-operation in a developed Socialist society of the future. Mr. Morrison visualizes the use of the Movement as a channel for the economical distribution of certain universal goods or commodities or as an agency for housing; but he is not certain how close that association should be, nor whether the "Co-ops," at present enjoying self-governing status, might relish the prospect of such a close official relationship with public authority. Everything, however, points to the conclusion that they "prefer to be left alone." At the time of writing, future relations between the Labour Party and the Co-operative Movement are in the process of discussion, following the termination (by the Socialists) of the agreement between the two parties. The enormous power wielded by the Co-operative Movement is hardly likely to be under-rated.

WILFRED ALTMAN.

THE HEART OF CORNWALL

CORNISH cream is not Devonshire cream and these two counties, so often coupled together, are really as different as chalk from cheese. Cornwall is, in fact, a Kingdom, not an ordinary county, so this perhaps is why it is unique, and such a pleasant land in which to spend a holiday. On a holiday in Cornwall I found it was not much use planning far ahead, for methodical people found their plans going astray, and carefully made schedules were difficult to keep somehow. I set out from Exeter to drive to the Cornish coast to play golf on links of vivid green, and to catch the big mackerel and pig-eyed congers. But from the first my plans were altered, and I spent lazy days inland, away from surf-bathing crowds and the restless crash of the American sea against the black Cornish rocks. People seem surprised when I tell them that Cornwall has an interior, and that it is not just an empty shell with a serrated edge, or a "leg" thrusting out a toe to test the warmth of the Gulf Stream. Inland, this country is full of surprises; they lie at every turn of the bridle "trade" paths trodden by Roman pack-mules years ago when their owners came to buy tin, and round every swelling shoulder of the hills as the road stretches forward like a great yellow adder across the moors. Much of the fascination of inland Cornwall is in the contrasts—the changing lights and shades as a single cloud scuds through the skies, the wild moors and sheltered valleys where little "revers" run fast downhill towards the sea with a Cornish and West Country perseverance hard to describe.

There is a fascination too in the Cornish Celtic folk that one meets in the peaceful inland villages, where the caw of rooks blends with the church bells on Sunday morning, to indicate that nothing very much ever happens to disturb the even tenor of this countryside. In the evening, strolling through a village after a day's leisurely touring, there is a fascination in the old world scent of simple cottage flowers—sweet william, mauve scabious, and the marigolds that match the sun as it sets still further to the West. It is hard to realize that there is still a saintly land of blue skies, pasties and pixies so close at hand—just across the border, the River Tamar (known locally as "the pool"). One where the pace of life is less accelerated, where the courteous spirit of King Arthur remains ever green, where pixies still make hay of "plans." It is no wonder that Hardy wrote poems about Cornwall and that Tennyson and Quiller-Couch described this land of *tre-pol-pen* with such magical perception. Once noted for cream and rich pasties, Cornwall has changed very little through two world wars and a few years of peace sandwiched in between, but the fields are now green and gold in season with sprouting and ripening corn, and the white mounds of St. Austell's china clay rise higher towards the sky. The country has progressed only in a pleasant kind of way, and the roads, once the worst in the world, have now a surprisingly good surface.

All this not poetic imagination on my part or an over-painted picture of a rural scene still vivid in the memory. For if you enter Cornwall by road and stand for a moment in a grey-stoned bay on Tamar Bridge near Launceston (pronounced Larneston) looking down at the shadow-flecked shallows and deep salmon pools, and then walk up on to the ridge overlooking fields edged with crazy dry-stone walls, you will see things. I think, as I did. The true feeling of Cornwall soon gets under the skin—I did things I had never done before, and began to see things in a different light—even to think too in the Cornish way. Here was a slow pace, peace and relaxation. Looking down from Brown Willy on Bodmin Moors, the highest point in Cornwall, one can see the pixie rings of bright green turf where the "little folk" are said to dance on the nights that the moon rides high, and it is customary for a "foreigner" on a moonlight picnic to place a piece of bread inside the circle for luck. At first most visitors on a holiday laugh at the idea of fairies, but it is surprising how many change their minds. If you do not believe in pixies you rarely see them, but on the moors where the scuttle of a rabbit sounds loudly, every movement lends itself to a lively imagination and enchantment—even the grasses and ling opening to the wind, or the clovers nodding their heads in the afternoon sunshine. The Spartan soon becomes softened, the materialist and idealist. If you get lost on the moorland roads the West Country people say you are "pixie led," but "pixie laden" travellers never come to harm.

I rode a comfortable grass fed pony, hired for the day from a farmer, over the wide sweeping Roughtor Moors, making both the towns of Bodmin and Launceston headquarters in turn. Near at hand was Jamaica Inn (of book and film fame) to which the Cornish "wreckers" brought in their contraband and ill-gotten gains—lace, tobacco, red Bordeaux wine and Cognac—and where they hanged informers, while Dozmary Pool of Excalibur legend, where King Arthur's sword was thrown after the last great battle, glistens like a round shield in the distance. On still evenings I sat high on the moors and listened to sounds that become rarer each year, and which will be heard no more in the countryside of the future except in

the pseudo-wilds of the National Parks—the business-like bark of the fox, the soul-stirring courtship cry of the sow badger, and the elusive whistle of the big-kneed stone curlew, which sounds so near yet seems to echo the secrets of the ages. It thrilled me to know that here where I sat bustards had once been coursed by greyhounds, and not far distant the last wolf in the west had been killed less than two hundred years before. Whether one hikes or fishes, or sits propped against a sunny bank sketching, there is no better place to put up than at a moorland farmhouse, where a welcome is always assured, the food plain but good, and the charge absurdly low—only 6s. to 7s. for bed and breakfast.

After a hard day's work of cutting peat and tending the outlying cattle, the neighbours "visit" to take a drop of beetroot wine ("proper stuff for a wisht stomach"), eat saffron cake, and fat mustarded sandwiches of badger ham—flesh as sweet as honey but with a flavour all its own. These people talk quietly of many strange things—the "wishing away" of warts, the benefits of planting seeds three days before the full moon, the luck that two flighting magpies bring, the utter disaster that besets those who transplant parsley! You cannot plan for moorland people who still tell the time by the position of the sun, and who treat Mother Earth and her child, Nature, with superstitious respect. The men on these silent and rugged moors are short and dark, the women soft-voiced and sloe-eyed, very different folk from the loose-limbed, long-armed longshoremen of the coast and the garrulous fishwives. But the air on the moors is heady and strong (how strange it is that it breeds contrasting mellow people), and it is pleasant for a change to walk in the snug surroundings of the Cornish valleys of the Rivers Fowey and Camel. Many of these valleys are as little explored today as anywhere in the West Country; only the local fly fisherman frequent them, with those other expert anglers, herons, kingfishers and otters, as companions. In the little River Inney I tickled my first trout in peaty water the colour of beer, and on the banks of the River Fowey I saw a baby otter poaching, but perhaps it had as much right there as I.

I drove from the narrow-streeted capital town of Bodmin to Dunmere Halt, where I left my car at the Borough Arms; from there it was but a stone's throw to the beautiful River Camel, and turning downstream I walked towards 'Bridge (Wadebridge) and the sea. I went through golden-tinted and magical ferns, and walked knee high in wild flowers while the kingcups of this kingdom overflowed and filled my brogues with gold pollen. The river is arched with trees all along its length, and its bed is broken with "treasure islands" of fine washed sand where the round "seal" of night-prowling otters is clearly impressed. One can eat lunch in the dappled shade, with woodpeckers laughing and exclaiming at the possibility of rain, and buzzards circling on lazy wings above the steep rising woods on either side. This is a country of fat brown trout and white-fronted dippers that bob politely to a visitor, as country children used to do. I passed by places with musical, watery, and rural names—Polbrock, Pencarrow and Butterwell Farm—and over a rustic wooden bridge made of railway sleepers at Grogley. In four miles of walking, following the twists of the river, I met only one person. On the far bank an old man was fishing a fly under the bushes with a deft artistry pretty to watch. Though it was fast-running wet fly water—the kind you fish downstream with a long line—he was fishing dead upstream, but by now I had ceased to be surprised at anything I saw. Watching the surface of the water, I found it hard to pick out the artificial fly from the natural

"duns" as they came down in the evening hatch with their wings upraised like the miniature sails of fairy yachts. The old man waded ashore after catching a trout or two, full-lunged little fellows four to the pound. Without a word, he parcelled them up in fresh wet bracken and gave them me as if it was the natural thing to do. "Bless my dear soul," he said, "'tis nothing." He advised me to put the fish in the fry-pan, wrapped in butter papers, with a bay leaf in each tummy to bring out the flavour—the Cornish way.

Travelling down the centre of Cornwall, along the old coach road from Launceston through Bodmin and on to Wadebridge, St. Columb Major and Truro—or on the alternative road from Bodmin to Lanivet and Fradden—it is easy to side-track to many quaint villages. I make special mention of St. Teath, St. Tudy, St. Cleer, Blisland, St. Dennis, St. Mabyn, St. Kew, Five Ways, St. Breward and Michaelstow, with their goose greens, little inns, where the cider is deceptive and heady, and sturdy churches made so strongly of Cornish granite that Cromwell could not knock them down. These villages have always been loyal to the Crown; they would not stand for Cromwellian "democracy" or strait-laced but round-headed austerity, and those that live in them today are still staunch supporters of a "liberality" and freedom in which the union and fraternity of men counts for more than the union of trades. There is little in these inland villages to remind one of the roar of the Atlantic or the turbulent waves not far distant—only the white and grey seagulls seeking sanctuary in the cottage gardens, the tang of salt in the air, and the tamarisks all bending permanently to the east. Neither is there anything to mar the colour of the periwinkle-blue sky, for "smoke" in Cornwall indicates only a garden bonfire or a puffing local train. Not surprisingly, the engines in this unorthodox land run backwards and push their coaches often through the heart of the woods. I entered this "fairy land" across the River Tamar; I left it along a road bounded by rhododendrons and ferns, leaving Bodmin Road Station and the River Fowey on my right. As I drove slowly along in the cool evening air, the scent of violets and wild flowers met me at every turn of the road, and lingered on as I passed Saltash bridge—into England! This is a part of Cornwall little known. One can explore it with little energy and at little cost. And when one returns one feels full—"pixie laden."

R. H. FERRY.

CONFUSION IN THE ARTS

FOR some time now a certain school of artists has been inviting the public to accept as authentic products of the plastic and graphic arts, works which depart so sharply from what centuries of tradition have accustomed it to regard as such that the bewilderment, let alone the repulsion, it feels, can have failed to be pushed to the extreme of a loud protest only because in matters aesthetic either too much modesty or too much snobbery prevents a secret sense of outrage from reaching expression. The modest among the public, hearing the merits of such works trumpeted by cliques of champions and critics assumed to be responsible and expert, hold their peace. They disapprove, but are inclined to ask themselves, "After all, what do I know about it? Who am I to object?" The snobs, on the other hand, dreading to appear reactionary or low-brow, stifle their instinctive repugnance and feign the admiration that seems to be authoritatively enjoined. As, moreover, no Art-canon exists, and most modern art-criticism is little more than sophisticated verbiage resting on no accepted rules and principles, the average man is left to resign himself disconsolately

to yet one further unwelcome innovation. Yet, if the modest would but trust their feelings to the point when their diffidence would be overcome, and if the snobs would only take courage and be more sincere, both parties would be astonished to find how right their smothered misgivings about this new Art have been all along, and, united, would join in a chorus of condemnation. It is not enough for a great artist like Sir Alfred Munnings publicly to arraign this pseudo-art and question its validity. For, although his distinguished achievements lend impressive weight to his artistic judgments and his vehemence finds a grateful echo in our breast, he offers us no incontrovertible principles to vindicate our secret feelings and give us the right to trust them. Nor can the average man be expected to know how the confusion arose which now seems to justify all these art-products that bewilder him. If he knew their genesis, however, he could perhaps identify the moment in recent history when the first fundamental blunder was made, which by degrees grew into the heterodox doctrines on which these perplexing art-products are based. For it is all recent history, and the scene opens in France not much earlier than 1860.

At that time the Academy, the official school of Art, was bankrupt and exhausted. With its stuffy studio atmosphere and lighting, its artificial effects, its cardboard classicism and "subject" pictures and sculptures, it had degenerated into a company of tradesmen purveying "oleographs" and polished drawing-room pedestal statuettes, for the least tasteful art-patrons in the population. It had become, as Jacques said, a society of mere "illustrators." Against the Academy were arrayed all the malcontents consisting of the *refusés*, and these were by no means only incompetents smarting under the humiliation of having had their works rejected. Many of them were more richly endowed. They thought they knew the sickness that had overtaken the Academy and how it could be cured; and stood for many things the Academy scorned, or had not thought of—Light, Air, Life, a Reformed Palette and new ways of seeing and recording what was seen. They were the first Impressionists and the forebears of even the least comprehensible forms of modern Art.

The opportunity to effect desirable reforms was obviously favourable; for the classic convention of the Academicians had certainly lost touch with Life, and they included many time-serving mercenaries destitute of genius. These men would have acquired a new vitality, an improved graphic and plastic rhetoric, by adopting some of their adversaries' teaching. They were undoubtedly studio-bound and their newest works were already second-hand in their remoteness from Nature. But, to effect a cure, it was essential that the diagnosis should be correct, and here the Impressionists made their first blunder. In their ardour to expose and overcome the evils of the Academy School, they mistook a symptom for a cause. They imagined that the shortcomings of the Academicians' technique were the sole root of the trouble; and thus, insensibly, they ended by making fetiches of what they accused the Academicians of lacking. The means whereby they proposed to reform Academic methods, they proclaimed as ends. In their enthusiasms, they forgot that to banish blacks, browns and umbers from the painter's palette, to induce him to grant importance to Light and Atmosphere, and to convince him that Arrangement, Composition and Colour Schemes were the major, if not the only, interest in a picture, could neither improve inspiration nor create artistic passion where both were defective. Whistler was probably right when he said that a

picture should look as far behind its frame as the scene it depicted was distant from the painter. But this, like many other new rules, was no cure for the impoverished gifts of the Academicians and many of their contemporaries outside the Academy.

All such innovations could do was to give the artist, good or bad, the technical equipment to be more arresting and convincing than theretofore, better able to pass on to the beholder at least some of the vital spark received by his closer touch with Nature. But, such were the freshness and vigour which the new technique imparted to the works of even the least gifted of the Impressionists' camp-followers, many of whom could not have vied with the Academician, Ingres, in technical mastery of the old style, that gradually there grew up a faith, a fanaticism, in connection with technical changes alone, which superseded all other considerations. There can be little doubt that these changes were fondly expected to regenerate Art overnight, whether the human material to hand were or were not more gifted than that which had produced the Academicians of the classic convention, or whether or not our present world, Life, Faith in Life, and the Love of Humanity, still had the potency to procure adequate inspiration for the artist. Competence in the new technique thus became the measure of artistic merit, and this was the supreme blunder. Even Camille Maclair, most friendly to the Impressionists, admits this: "Impressionism," he says, "being beyond all, a technical reaction" (*The French Impressionists*, Dent, p. 10). We shall now see how this initial blunder led to the plastic and graphic aberrations that now baffle the Common Man, and which, in his heart of hearts, he suspects of being bogus.

When Manet said, *Le personnage principal dans un tableau c'est la lumière*, and Whistler argued that Arrangement, Composition, Harmony and the Colour Scheme of a picture constitute its chief interest and "the subject does not matter," neither knew how dangerously his feet were already dangling above Nature and Mother Earth—those very anchorages for Art, which, strange to say, their school had charged the Academicians with forsaking. In the noise and dust of the battle they failed to grasp the precarious logic of their tenets. For if the principal figure in a picture were the Light, and the only essential features were those Whistler suggested, how could the adventitious coruscations of the kaleidoscope, the arbitrary pattern of a shawl or a carpet, be proscribed from the graphic arts? Can we wonder that these reckless fiat too soon opened the way to the extravagances of Post-Impressionism, Cubism, Futurism and the defiant obscurities of the Abstract School of Painting?

One or two of the saner men of a slightly later period, painters like Gauguin and Van Gogh, the sculptor Rodin, and the author Émile Zola, vaguely, it is true, but with sound instinct, saw the fallacy in this concentration on purely technical considerations, and particularly in the banishment of the subject from the role of the legitimate *primum mobile* of an artistic performance. In a letter to Charles Morice in April, 1903, Gauguin had said: *Nous venons de subir en art une très grande période d'égarement . . . Les artistes ayant perdu tout de leur sauvagerie, n'ayant plus d'instinct, on pourrait dire d'imagination, se sont égarés dans tous les sentiers pour trouver des éléments producteurs qu'ils n'avaient pas la force de créer* (*Mercure de France*, Vol. XLVIII, 1903, p. 105). This hit the nail on the head; but it still dodged the important issue of the role of the subject; although we may perhaps feel that, by implication, it deplores the banish-

ment of this role from the process of artistic inspiration. Zola, with his robust realism, had long before 1903 supplied the clue to the solution of the problem when, in 1866, he had said, *Une oeuvre d'art est un coin de la création vu à travers un tempérament* (*Mes Haines*, Chap. III). He here describes the first essential stage in every artistic inspiration. "A part of creation" as seen through an artist's temperament is indeed the detonator of the whole concatenation of events culminating in the completed work of art and giving it its validity. Besides being the instigating factor in the production, it is the ultimate reference by which the quality of the artist's interpretation may be measured. We shall see how a shrewd Indian aesthete used this fact to expose the Whistlerian heresy.

One Post-Impressionist of genius, Van Gogh, actually disclosed the form which he wished this "part of Creation" to take if it was to inspire him. "I want," he said, "to paint humanity, humanity and again humanity. . . . I love nothing better than this series of bipeds, from the smallest baby in long clothes to Socrates, from the woman with black hair and white skin to the one with golden hair and a brick-red sun-burnt face" (*Letters of a Post-Impressionist*, p. 85). But the New School's leading representatives, as we have seen, exalted Arrangement, Pattern, Composition, Light and Colour Scheme as the first essentials of a picture, and declared that "the subject did not matter." It is true that in most cases—with Manet invariably and with Whistler often—they were fortunately better than their doctrine. But it was their doctrine that their followers took to heart and carried to its logical conclusions, with the result that pictures soon began to appear which were nothing more than Arrangements, Compositions, Colour Schemes—patches differently coloured, hieroglyphs made up of arbitrary forms, conveying no message or meaning, and for which no ultimate reference existed. In fact, in the hands of these least gifted and least inspired *epigones* of the Impressionists, a work of art became, not "a part of Creation as seen through an artist's temperament," but rather "a part of an artist's temperament."

And here we have the gravamen of the charge against the Whistlerian heresy: it gave a permanent licence to subjectivity in Art. Henceforward the artist, if a painter, could satisfy all the demands of his vocation if his hieroglyph had meaning for himself alone. Worse still, since all means of reference were no longer expected, he could at once conceal and parade his technical incompetence (if he were incompetent) without any chance of being detected. If he happened to be a poet, he could go about chanting Abracadabra and claim that, because it was perfectly comprehensible to himself, it was impertinent to ask what it meant. Thus subjectivity and charlatany were given *carte blanche*. There were of course protests, but none was radical enough to expose the cardinal root of the mischief. Even a very good one (*The Times*, July 24, 1956, "Heresy of Abstract Painting") only goes as far as to state "the most obvious" of the objections, namely, that in this form of art "the interest of an abstract picture is exclusively decorative; since it is not an image, since its forms and colours represent nothing but themselves, it can have no independent pictorial quality. It might supply an admirable motif for a carpet, or a wall-paper." All this is true; but the writer could greatly have strengthened his argument and made it conclusive had he summoned to his side the shrewdest critics of the heresy he attacked.

The sanest observations on this question we owe to the distinguished

Indian aesthete Dr. Ananda Coomaraswamy, who in 1943 said, "The fundamental judgment [of a work of art] is the degree of the artist's success in giving clear expression to the theme of his work. In order to answer the question, Has the thing been well said? it will evidently be necessary for us to know what it was that was to be said. It is for this reason that in every discussion on works of art we must begin with the subject matter" (*Why Exhibit Works of Art?* Chap. I). Equally magisterial and useful is Dr. P. R. Ballard's criticism of the Whistlerian heresy. Commenting on the hackneyed tag, "Verisimilitude is not art," which is only a variation of Whistler's unfortunate dictum, he says: "And yet verisimilitude cannot be wholly ignored. For art is not merely expression, it is also communication; and communication is only possible through a series of symbols which have virtually the same meaning to the parties concerned, the communicator and the communicatee. . . . Appearances are the words of his [the graphic artist's] language" (*Educating for Democracy*, Edit. by J. T. Cohen and R. M. W. Travers, 1939, Chap. XIII). The two above statements surely give us the most satisfying refutation of the doctrines which, after 1860 in France and elsewhere, by their exaltation of technical reforms alone, and more particularly by their ill-considered dismissal of "the subject" in measuring the merits of a work of art, inevitably, but for the most part unwittingly, paved the way for the gross abuses now marring much of latter-day production in both painting and sculpture.

A. M. LUDOVICI

I SEE THE ANTHOLOGIST

*I see the anthologist
Bent o'er his desk, in the book-lined room,
Culling, and culling his nosegay,
(Not for nothing the Greeks called it a nosegay,
Anthologia—a choice collection of flowers.)
As he sits there stooping, peering at print, I see him
A creature not unlike you, fair girlish creature,
Who walk with light step and free, in sunlit garden,
You too culling your nosegay,
Smelling the pinks, and plucking a pensive pansy,
Crumbling the lavender's sea-grey tufts in your fingers,
And freighting your basket full in the warm rose garden
Heavy with spilth of bloom.
Youth choice-culled bouquet,
Wealth of colour, and glowing velvet of petal,
Breathes living fragrance but for a day, and tumbles
In lovely disorder to death.
But his is garnered
In that sheltered garden where the immortal poets
Strike their roots deep in the soil of eternity,
And rear sweet feathery plumes of unfading blossom
High in the tranquil air.
The bearded professor
Shut in his study, spectacled, old and stooping,
The bearded professor your youthful raillery mocks at,
Ranges a garden more gracious than yours, and gathers
Blossoms more rare, that will gladden the eye for ever,
And perfume the untold years with their delicate breath.*

A. V. STUART

LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

SAINTE-BEUVE

"As a guide to a knowledge of the French genius and literature he is unrivalled," wrote Matthew Arnold soon after his death. Sir Harold Nicolson delivers a similar verdict in the latest and one of the most satisfying of his biographies. When Sainte-Beuve failed in his ambition to become a first-class poet and novelist, he struck out a new line as an historian of books and their authors and won a place among the Immortals. The critical faculty is doubtless inferior in the scale of values to the creative, but the student of French literature can no more ignore the author of *Port Royal* and the *Lundis* than his contemporaries Hugo and Balzac. Though a stream of books about him continues to flow in France and a vast collection of his correspondence is in progress, this is the first full length portrait painted by a British hand. Unlucky in many things, he is fortunate in his biographer who combines gratitude for his writings with lenience for his failings. That he was a singularly unattractive human being, unloving and unloved, should not be allowed to diminish our obligation for his opulent legacy. If not the greatest of all literary critics, "then assuredly the best guide to literature of the nineteenth century." We need many other guides through the inexhaustible treasure-house, but his services will always remain in demand.

If we knew Sainte-Beuve exclusively by his writings we might picture him as a happy man, delighting in his library, rejoicing in his fame, a Professor, a Senator and an Academician. Since we have learned the sordid details of his private life we realize that few celebrities have been less content with themselves and their lot. The root of the trouble—and Sir Harold never allows us to forget it—was a frustrating physical disability which rendered him jealous, irritable and suspicious, and barred the way to marriage. His father died when he was young, his mother was unsympathetic, and he was an only child. Ugly, ungraceful and prematurely bald, he found it difficult both to make and to keep friends and not too easy to earn his living. His poetry was so meanly regarded by the pundits and the public that he gave it up, and his novel *Volupté* failed to grip the literary world. Worst of all was his guilty passion for Adèle Hugo, the pretty but limited wife of his most intimate friend. The distressing story has recently been told in André Maurois' superb biography of Victor Hugo, and the latest recorder tells it again with delicacy and insight. He was poor, lonely and dissatisfied; she felt that she had virtually ceased to count in the life of a man whose genius was acclaimed throughout Europe before he was thirty and who—like many other genius—was "a Cyclops" and a super-egoist. One of the most interesting chapters is the discussion of *Volupté*, not merely as a fresh illustration of the eternal triangle, but as a work of literature to which higher marks than usual are allotted.

To those who think of Sainte-Beuve as above all a professional literary critic, it is useful to be reminded that his masterpiece was a massive treatise on Port Royal, the first full length picture of an influential religious community to be painted by an eminent French scholar; the feat was the more remarkable because he had shed his religious beliefs and possessed little religious sentiment. Why then did he devote the middle decades to such an apparently unrewarding task? First because he wished to write a major work; then because he was consumed with intellectual curiosity about every aspect of human experience; finally because the radiant spirits of Pascal and Racine beckoned him on. No one has written about this celebrated work with greater appreciation than his latest biographer. "Many people may feel as bored as I am by the doctrine of Grace. Yet, when they read Sainte-Beuve's *Port Royal* they will enter upon a new world, become intimate with strange minds and characters, discover that

the irrational may be rendered a fascinating rather than an interesting mystery." Students of his fifty volumes are struck by his capacity to enter into many different types of mind no less than the immense range of his knowledge.

Was he "a perfect critic," as Matthew Arnold saluted him? My answer, after browsing at intervals for sixty years, is in the negative, and Sir Harold makes no such claim. Matthew Arnold and Faquet, Croce and Dilthey, to name only four masters, are quite as good. His appreciations of the literature of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries are markedly better than those of the nineteenth, where he failed to crown some of the greatest writers of the age. Sir Harold admits that there are some shrewd thrusts in Proust's philippic *Contre Sainte-Beuve*, but he rightly rejects it as far too shrill. At the heart of his work was a healthy conviction of the value of the classical tradition in French literature, a keen sense of form and measure, a dislike of literary antics and extravagance. Though he grew up in the noontide of the Romantic movement he was never blind to its dangers, and his tempered enthusiasm for the early triumphs of Hugo was not entirely due to the collapse of their friendship. That the twenty-eight volumes of the *Lundis* carry a good deal of cargo which is now of little interest is true enough; but they also provide a wealth of information and insight which renders the corpus unique not only in France but in Europe. Sir Harold, like every good biographer, sees his subject steadily and sees him whole, never failing to express his abiding gratitude for the pleasure he has derived from this inexhaustible quarry. G. P. GOOCH
Saint-Beuve. By Harold Nicolson. Constable. 25s.

THE TWO PHILOSOPHERS

Bertrand Russell has argued that ethical questions, as being questions of subjective choice rather than of truth, are incapable of being rationally decided, and has instanced the profound differences of ethical belief that separate him from Nietzsche as divergencies that neither logic nor science can hope to remove. Yet, in reading these studies of Nietzsche and Russell, one is impressed by the resemblances in their teaching. Bertrand Russell's philosophical method has been one of systematic doubt; he has regarded the main body of traditional philosophy as built on shoddy logical foundations. After cherishing excessive hopes of what the new mathematical logic could achieve, he has come to the conclusion that very little can be shown to be true, and that only through *a priori* assumptions of a kind he at one time rejected. Nietzsche worked on the principle that everything that can be denied deserves to be denied, his early philosophical writings arriving at a systematic nihilism by undermining the foundations of knowledge. Bertrand Russell has rejected the almost universal assumption that the ethical good can be known, distinguishing with characteristic wit between ethical beliefs assumed to be true and those which have something in their favour. Nietzsche condemned traditional ethics as "slave morality" and praised the noble free persons who were creators of value. Russell gives a central place in his ethical teaching to emotional spontaneity; Nietzsche taught a "joyful wisdom" based on converting the passions into sources of joy. Russell rejects the existence of purpose in the universe, regarding belief in God as based on "a desire to believe in a lot of nonsense to make oneself comfortable." Nietzsche attacks consoling illusions, including the assumption that there is a pre-established harmony between the promotion of truth and the welfare of mankind. Both thinkers, on a foundation of negation inspired by a courageous determination to confront the real, have been passionately affirmative in their ethical beliefs.

How then shall we account for the Russell hostility to Nietzsche? I suggest that Bertrand Russell makes insufficient allowance for the effect of that tormenting destiny of Nietzsche's which has earned for him the title Mr. Lea gives him of

the tragic philosopher. Russell had a fortunate childhood and youth and gained comparatively early support and recognition, the modern British philosophical movement being largely founded on his work. Nietzsche's preoccupations were ethical and religious rather than logical and philosophical, and he believed that it was his destiny to bring about a revolutionary change in morals. In an early work he expressed the hope that "thousands of courageous souls" would spring to arms at his summons for the regeneration of life and culture. But his work in fact aroused no response. Only in his last years did he gain some recognition, as from Brandt and Burckhardt, though his influence has continually increased since his death. His aim was to inaugurate a nobler morality, an ethic based on a positive conception of physical and mental health, the values of which were joy and beauty, spiritual independence, vigour and courage. Mr. Lea shows how, in the face of the rejection and the terrifying loneliness which he experienced, a certain tendency to sheer destruction which was always latent in him (in part a product of his unfortunate upbringing) became an increasingly jarring note in his thought. What was valuable and constructive in his teaching tended to be overlaid by demonic elements. Yet Nietzsche has found numerous admirers in the modern world who have succeeded better than Bertrand Russell both in appreciating his greatness and in allowing for that strain of perversity and cruelty in him which was in large part the product of his pathetic lot.

Mr. Wood's book is an able and useful work having a clarity of style comparable to that of Bertrand Russell himself, yet side by side with that of Mr. Lea it seems chatty and superficial. Mr. Lea has caught something of the prophetic afflatus and heroic quality of his subject. Of the two books under review I found his by far the more valuable as well as the more moving and inspiring. I cannot help feeling that the long term influence of Nietzsche will be far greater than that of Russell. Russell's influence has led philosophers to believe that it is not their business to discuss the real world but that they should confine themselves to logical questions, as his own original contributions to philosophy have been in the field of logic. He himself indeed has not followed his own counsel and he has written widely on ethical and social questions. He has succeeded in a remarkable way in splitting himself in two and in keeping his philosophical and social writings in separate compartments. Today he does not view with any complacency the character of his influence on philosophy. Mr. Wood refers to him speaking of modern philosophy (as taught at Oxford and Cambridge) as "a dud subject" and advising young men not to waste their time on it. Nietzsche's heroic attempt to bring about "a transvaluation of values" in terms of a more independent and courageous and life-affirming ideal of personality was a noble one which may well be changing the life of men and of societies when Bertrand Russell's "theory of descriptions" has ceased to stir more than a philosophical ripple.

J. B. COATES

The Tragic Philosopher: A Study of Friedrich Nietzsche. By F. A. Lea. Methuen 30s.
Bertrand Russell: The Passionate Sceptic. By Alan Wood. Allen & Unwin. 21s.

MATERIALISM, SCIENCE, AND DIVINE IMAGINING

Stone is matter simply organised, and human is complexly organised matter: so Fred Hoyle relates man to materialism. After describing the electrical processes of the brain he makes mind "synonymous with the electrical activity itself." A structure, or organisation, he explains, is much more than its constituent units. Thus the "structural organisation of humanity as a whole," human units compounded into a "superstructure," is more than human. He calls this superstructure "The Thing." The theme of history is the growth of The Thing more than the story of individual humans.

He interestingly includes in his history of civilisation the significance of Communism and the impact of industrialism on the feeding of populations. A

Utopian society, he explains, must constantly regulate its inevitable imperfections by a "feed-back control mechanism." When the problems of populations are solved, fossilisation stayed, and the "single-power world" attained, religion, as he interprets it, indicates man's ultimate aim of identifying himself with the universe. Religious people, he realises, will protest against his identification of this universe with the Christian God. Youthful science has already revealed the astonishing "ability of the human brain to guess the workings of the Universe." Thus, in some degree, "our brains mirror the Universe itself." This version of the macrocosm and the microcosm enters Mr. Hoyle's competent challenge to the thinking reader.

Mr. Harrison is Dean of the School of Science at Massachusetts Institute of Technology. Science, he explains, discloses that men live among illusions—mostly due to "partial understanding," but through them lie our "only approaches to reality." Evolution has one great success in the "electro-chemical device" that became the human brain. Though sensory messages and thoughts seem to result from similar "electro-chemical pulses," this dependence of mind on matter, which is interconvertible with energy, need not involve materialism. Religion can believe in a system established by God for evolution to proceed. The author describes the disclosures and interpretations of science. These include the preparation of the earth for the evolution of life to its acme in man. The basic electrons, protons, and neutrons combined into molecules able to organise suitable matter into elaborated cells and organisms. When molecules with this power evolved, life had clearly begun. Mr. Harrison illuminatingly leads on to a description of the evolutionary result in the human body. Man today is not the end-point of terrestrial evolution, he continues, for socially, emotionally, mentally and spiritually, he is evolving towards "ultra-human successors." Though fortunate mutations might improve human brains, co-operative social effort is more immediately effective. The H-bomb is an index of steadily increasing human control of matter and energy—described in two chapters. History records ethical progress, and atomic energy will be realised as a "beneficent," though long hidden, power. An ordered universe of progressive opportunity inspires the notion of a "beneficent Creator." Science, the author urges, is ascendant; together with religion and art it is a great humaniser by providing art with methods, and religion with understanding.

Dr. Johnson is Master at Queen's College, University of Melbourne. Scientific materialism, he contends, is declining, the higher is not derived from the lower, and "all entities from the electron upwards are psychical in essence." The Divine imagining creates all things, and keeps them in existence. Mr. Douglas Fawcett's Imaginism, Dr. Johnson explains, has inspired his own thinking. The Divine conspiring, for his own thought, is the creative activity itself, the spiritual activity that creates and sustains the universe. God is conscious, but he does not think or reason, he creates and sustains by imagining. Divine imagining includes what can be called "supreme delight, love and beauty." Shakespeare imagined Hamlet; God conspires beings with lessening freedom and conspiring power from minor gods, through man, to lowly members of the "psychical continuum" such as stones. During the creative evolution conflicting freedoms bring evil into the world, and a metaphysical fall from God's great design needs his remedial conspiring.

Science, Mr. Harrison contends, having no evidence regarding immortality, must leave belief in it to faith. Communications through automatic writings transformed Dr. Johnson's belief that the evidence for survival is strong into conviction. He uses deductions from the data of psychical research freely in his comprehensive exposition. He also appeals to the intuitions of mystics. After death the soul lingers briefly in the intermediate state, sometimes called Hades. Then, shedding its "aetheric husk," it reaches the "astral" plane

of illusion, served by an "astral body." This substantially duplicates the physical body, though without its defects. Through three further planes the soul reaches the final state of communion with the supreme. Some souls, for various reasons, may reincarnate in physical bodies on earth.

The three books present three outlooks on the numerous, often conflicting, notions of the day. Each will stimulate, whether into assents or dissents or both, and, by stimulating, profit readers.

JOSHUA C. GREGORY

Man and Materialism. By Fred Hoyle. Allen and Unwin. 12s. 6d.

What Man May Be. By George Russell Harrison. Cassell. 18s.

Nurslings of Immortality. By Raynor C. Johnson. Hodder and Stoughton. 25s.

CO-EXISTENCE

Mr. Ion Ratiu is from Rumania. A political refugee must find ours an extremely irritating country in which to live. The problems of foreign policy, the broad trends of world movements are matters of deep personal concern to anyone, for whom home and kindred are involved and not merely places on the map. The British, he will find, will listen politely, agree that it is all very significant and gently turn the conversation to pressing affairs such as the need for a good opener at Lords. This bland assumption that "it can't happen here" must be maddening for anyone who has seen it happen, it may lead us to disaster but it gives us a pleasant country to live in and provides a background of tolerance, from which political refugees can benefit.

Mr. Gaitskell is not a political refugee (not yet, some of his more embittered critics might hopefully comment), he has fingers firmly on the national pulse, but has his own occupational handicaps. "Professional politicians," he remarks, "when they have been in the job for any length of time, are not well fitted for really deep thinking, partly because they have no time for it and partly because the very practice of their art involves them in continual simplification." That will surely arouse wistful agreement in all members of that arduous profession. His little book comprises three lectures given at Harvard. It must have been a dexterous exercise in thin-ice skating, for the Leader of the Opposition to deliver them at all, just after the Suez affair. Mr. Gaitskell speaks to his American audience and handles with tact and clarity the points of his disagreement with Conservative policy. But he is not engaged in a *post mortem*. He is looking ahead to try to assess the real significance of the resurrection of the Leninist concept of co-existence.

Mr. Ratiu does not find that assessment difficult. Co-existence does not mean peace. It is an armed truce, until conditions favourable to a further advance of Communism are prepared. There can be no relaxation of the cold war without a surrender to Communism and the right policy of the western democracies is to wage it with as much clear-sighted direction as the Russians show. Mr. Gaitskell would, I imagine, find little to quarrel with in Mr. Ratiu's summary of Russian strategy as "the conquest of Asia and Africa while holding the West at bay by means of an uneasy truce." The struggle is for the souls of the uncommitted peoples of the world and nothing should deflect the West from that struggle. But it must not be waged as a rival excursion into power politics. The greatest asset of the West is the common democratic faith. That alone can bind the non-Communist world together. NATO has been a success because of the background shared by its members. SEATO, and METO have failed because they have tried to substitute military alliances and subsidies for a common political faith. Deals with Russia, masquerading as co-existence, only make the uncommitted nations doubt the sincerity of the democratic professions of the West. The removal of poverty will take with it the danger of Communism, but so long as the western nations are tainted with colonialism, the attempts to give economic aid will be feared and resented. Imperialism must end, if Communism is to be robbed of its insidious appeal. But immediate

independence without regard to either the economic or the political stage in developments is no universal solution. The problem is to convince the suspicious and critical Afro-Asian peoples of the sincerity of the western democracies.

It is at this point that the limitations of Mr. Ratiu's policy appear. He is devastating in his analysis of Communist danger, convincing in his statement of democratic aims, but unsatisfactory when he turns to constructive policy. A conference of colonial nations is to establish certain conditions precedent to full self-governing status. Once those conditions are fulfilled, complete national status will be granted. The guardianship of this progress for freedom is to rest with a working committee of a world congress of democracy, to which all democratic countries would be invited. It strains credulity to believe that any such body would be more effective in reaching a common policy than any of its high sounding equivalents now. Nor do I see Mr. Nkrumah or indeed Mr. Tom Mboya meekly accepting its rulings. There is something to be said for the art of a politician. Mr. Gaitskell sees the problem as clearly as Mr. Ratiu. "Economic development with or without aid, is no alternative to political freedom, for countries which are still colonies." He sees the Colombo plan as the model for aid without strings. He would have more confidence in the development of the British Commonwealth as a multi-racial group of nations resting on parliamentary democracy.

J. E. MACCOLL

Policy for the West. By Ion Ratiu. Harvill 16s.

The Challenge of Co-Existence. By Hugh Gaitskell. Methuen. 7s. 6d.

PROFIT AND POWER

"Profit and Power," said Sir Joshua Child in 1674, "ought jointly to be considered"; and in this study of England and the Dutch wars Mr. Wilson deals with power, strategic policy and mercantilism. It is a study of the reasons behind these wars at a time when the Dutch market was the largest single outlet for English cloth. From 1610 to 1636 special embassies from the Dutch Republic visited London in an attempt to settle disputes, but no method was devised to overcome those tensions which existed between two competitors in the cloth trade. Tension grew, and despite Cromwell's desire for peace and an Anglo-Dutch Alliance against Spain, the first Dutch war broke out in 1652. From 1654-60 came a prudent interlude, but with the Restoration and the growth in power of the mercantile community, there grew up once again an anti-Dutch policy. Hostilities broke out officially in the spring of 1665, and Mr. Wilson's careful analysis of this war of tradesmen, this fostered hostility between English and Dutch, sheds much light on the manner in which economic motives can cut across differences of birth, occupation and outlook.

Mr. Wilson writes lucidly and well, his argument is carefully reasoned, and he says that the antipathy to the Dutch was based on the fact that this nation had taken the lead in trade, shipping and technology. Better relations between the two countries dates from about 1667, when it was recognized in England that there were bigger issues in the relations between nations than economic rivalry.

Mr. White's study is an essay in social transition, an examination of those unquiet years when England was changing basically from an agricultural to an industrial nation. The years 1815 to 1819 were crucial years, and Mr. White looks at old England and its social values, at the half-mythical England of Cobbett, where machinery seemed like a threat to human nature and human values. But the change taking place in England was one that the poets and thinkers, such as Coleridge and Southey, saw more clearly than most others. It was a social and political re-orientation to accommodate the kind of society which could uphold the machine and the factory.

Waterloo and Peterloo are true landmarks, marking the death of old

standards and the birth of new ones. The people who gathered in St. Peter's Fields were not disorderly, but simply political outcasts who brought with them only their banners and approving consciences. Mr. White points to the real significance of Peterloo: "It marked the point of final conversion of provincial England to the doctrine of 'First Things First'." That is, the people were coming together in a democratic way to create a political order suited to a society in which the machine was the symbol of power.

Both these writers appear to be cultivating a relatively small field, but their intensive work—neither suffering from specialist defects nor drawn into the net of mere technicality—has true historical value. Each writer is scholarly, uses history as both art and science, knowing it to be an instrument by which the mind and memory of man can be guided and stimulated into the most creative of all recollections—that which puts a bridge between phases of time and demonstrates how specific happenings can throw much light on the spirit of an age or the mood of a country.

E. W. MARTIN

Profit and Power. By Charles Wilson. Longmans 25s.

Waterloo to Peterloo. By R. J. White. Heinemann. 18s.

HUNGARY IN THE SECOND WAR

It is not Professor Macartney's fault that the title of this book had become an anachronism by the time of publication. October 15, 1944, will hardly be remembered after October 23, 1956, the date of the rising of the Hungarian phoenix from the ashes. October 15, 1944, was the end of an era which most Hungarians consider to be controversial; October 23, 1956, may be the beginning of an era which may yet fulfil certain hopes; it is the date of a great moral victory which Hungary fought out for Europe, single-handed. Still, Professor Macartney's intention was to comment on the end of Horthy's Regency. A previous life-work devoted to Hungary has fitted him for the task; twelve years of enquiry and meditation were added to it before this book was achieved.

In point of fact, a full conclusion is not yet offered to us, and this is perhaps the second criticism which the present reviewer may venture to offer. Professor Macartney leaves the story in April, 1945, with the last German unit crossing the River Leitha westwards, leaving Hungarian soil to Soviet "liberation." He ends on a dry statement of fact, disappointing those who study history in the hope of finding in the secret of the past the message of the future, or rather the eternal mystery of national destinies. The facts meticulously recorded and analysed by the author extend well over a quarter of a century. A few substantial points of view are, however, well formulated in it; it is to be hoped that English historians and publicists dealing with the subject will not neglect them henceforward, as they have often done hitherto, despite Professor Macartney's previous warnings.

In pre-Trianon Hungary, the oppression of national minorities was not entirely a myth, but it must be understood in the context. The full assimilation of immigrants is the policy of new States, such as the U.S.A. or the Commonwealth countries; the opposite principle prevailed for centuries in the Habsburg Monarchy and in old Hungary, and linguistic or religious communities preserved special privileges, provided that they were loyal to the State. Modern needs have required greater centralization since the mid-nineteenth century. Local privileges were abolished by the liberal era. Austria-Hungary violated national rights, but elsewhere such rights did not even exist. Nor is it accurate to say that the old system of Hungary was "feudal"; it was oligarchical rather than aristocratic. There was a strong link between Magyar nobles and peasants, both believed in inalienable privileges and "ancient liberties." Therefore the modern liberal State preferred the services of assimilated Germans and Slovaks, less proud of their age-old "liberties," and these assimilated elements often

became the serviceable "ultra-Magyars," while the intellectuals of Magyar peasant origin swelled the ranks of a new, anti-liberal opposition. Professor Macartney explains this sociological background to the early Horthy period convincingly and he shows that, despite a violent counter-revolution, of which the late Admiral Horthy was the symbol rather than the actual leader, the liberal constitutional foundation of the Hungarian system could never be entirely discarded. Some readers may be surprised by the relatively sympathetic treatment which the author gives to the anti-liberal forces of the Horthy period, amongst them the sinister Szálasi, who replaced Horthy for a short while on October 15, 1944. It is mere guesswork, and we cannot contradict the author off-hand; he sees elements of independence in the Hungarian "Arrow Cross" movement. Szálasi is represented as a potential Tito of the late Nazi International and not simply as Hitler's nominee. Many Hungarian readers—the reviewer amongst them—will object when Szálasi (a muddle-headed egotist and adventurer, even for such understanding judges as Professor Macartney) is mentioned in the same line as Kossuth, Eötvös and Jászi, as a champion of the Danubian confederation. There is no need to be an uncritical admirer of the popular leader of 1848-9, a devotee of the great Catholic-Liberal philosopher-statesman, or a disciple of the Radical doctrinaire, to be slightly shocked by the absence of qualification in this context.

The Treaty of Trianon was the reason why Hungarian national interests inevitably coincided with every effort directed against the Treaty system of 1919-20, Fascist or Nazi, Italian or German. Still, considerable sections of opinion dissented in Hungary from the Fascist and especially the Nazi ideology; the foremost dissenters were Conservative Liberal statesmen such as the former Prime Ministers Count Stephen Bethlen, Count Paul Teleki and Nicholas Kállay; Regent Horthy's role was to keep the balance between their tendencies and the pro-Fascist set of General Gömbös. A symbol of the military counter-revolution in 1919-20, the Regent's later career showed a certain evolution in the Liberal-Conservative direction. It was this tendency which he preserved to some extent until the end, even under the minor Nazi occupation in March-October, 1944; he became an undisguised prisoner of the major one on October 15. While Hungarian interests coincided with German and Italian aims (not those of Nazism or Fascism) they obviously conflicted with Russian ones—whether Russia was Communist or a leader of Pan-Slavism. Hence Hungary's choice in the war, but it was a choice reluctantly made, for most Hungarians would have preferred neutrality, and many of them—if circumstances had allowed—active siding with Poland and Poland's Western Allies. A centuries' old friendship connected Poland and Hungary, no conflict of interests existed between Hungary and the West; indeed the strongest cultural sympathies in Hungary lay with England and France. It is regrettable that this fact was not better used by British diplomacy. Unfortunately Professor Macartney confirms that propaganda prevailed over diplomacy and that, especially in the middle of the war British propaganda was mainly concerned to prove that Britain was as "progressive" as its great Soviet ally. In other words, while every power was entitled to have propagandists and to pay them, there was a curious British tendency to organize and pay a pro-Soviet propaganda in British disguise. Hungarians imagined the true aim of Britain to be different, but they were told bluntly that this was "reactionary" (Part II, pp. 144 and 160). All this has often been said, but Professor Macartney proves it more convincingly than others and more authoritatively, for if he is very understanding for everything Hungarian, he never forgets his duty as a critical historian, and does not hide the faults of old Hungary.

BELA MENCZER

October Fifteenth: A History of Hungary 1929-1945. Parts I and II. By C. A. Macartney. Edinburgh University Press. 4 gns.

ITALY'S PROBLEMS

Like Miss Grindod who wrote last year on the rebuilding of Italy Miss Carlyle has done a businesslike and useful piece of work after a thorough study of the matter of her subject and due travel to bring her face to face with it. The daughter of one of the most delightful and amusing of Oxford dons with a mind ever ready for new views and enterprises, Miss Carlyle has been brought up to look for the truth under many guises and to see life whole. This is a book, therefore, as free from prejudice as one could expect to find, dealing very faithfully with the politics of modern Italy. It is impossible to make such a subject into a book which will attract and stimulate the general reader. As long as Italy was Fascist its story was a melodrama, and at every turn it presented arresting times and situations; its leading figures stood out like bandits gathered around an enormous bonfire; it was a series of surprises, scandals and crimes worked out with an enormous enterprise in national assertion and an adaptation of Italian government to a world transformed by the impact of Communism after unnecessary and ruinous war. More war—or at least the gestures of it—would win for Italy what in fact other nations' wars, cleverly used by her Liberal politicians, had gained for her through and after the Risorgimento. Then after sinister miscalculations the whole thing crashed, and the subject of Miss Carlyle's little book took its place; and now for fourteen years one party has remained in power—a remarkable contrast to what has happened in France or England. It is a thing hard to parallel in any country where there have been free elections.

What does it mean? What is the result? These are Miss Carlyle's two main questions. She deals with the Constitution and its working out in administration, with the political parties and the Church which played so strong a part in assisting and in moulding the Demo-Christian Party in power. Then she deals with the main pre-occupations of the Government—the increase of population and the poverty of large parts of it, the industry and agriculture which produce the sustenance and at times the wealth. She has a chapter on agrarian reform and another on education. Taking pages from the census of 1951, she gives us four tables. One is a list of the regions and provinces lacking what is essential in such a list—their populations. A table on employment shows that business and administration have absorbed more while agriculture and fishing have lost a million. Her table on manufactures shows that engineering and textiles occupy some forty-five per cent. of the workers while forty-five per cent. of the population of the whole country is busy on the land. Italy remains what it has always been, a nation of *contadini*, and its main problem is still, as it has been for many centuries, how the often hilly and even mountainous land can support the ever-increasing population. Miss Carlyle says next to nothing of politicians; personalities do not interest her, and her whole book is really about the problems of administration in a country with a dominant Catholic tradition and a Communist Party proportionately bigger than in any country outside Russia.

ROBERT SENCOURT

Modern Italy. By Margaret Carlyle. Hutchinson's University Library. 10s. 6d.

SPAIN FROM WITHIN

Like Lisbon, Florence and Mentone, Malaga, with its delectable winter climate and situation on the Spanish *Costa del Sol*, has for over a century been a favourite southern resort for English expatriates. Indeed, a walk in the *cementerio Inglés*, delightfully placed above the glittering Mediterranean, at the end of the palm-lined Alameda in the foothills below the ruined Moorish Alcazaba and the towering Gibralfaro, affords by its grave inscriptions a touching compendium of Anglo-Saxon inhabitation of this former Phoenician-Greek-

Carthaginian-Roman-Moorish-Iberian stronghold, including the tomb-memorial to the Irishman Lieutenant Richard Boyd, ex-Indian Army ("He died for Freedom"), who fell on St. Andrew's Beach in the summary execution of the Spanish General Torrijos and his fifty odd conspirators against the tyrannical rule of Ferdinand VII on December 1, 1831. Miss Grice-Hutchinson devotes five pages of her entertaining, highly informative and altogether delightful book to a background recital of this forgotten tragedy—which forms the subject of one of the most dramatic paintings in the Madrid National Art Gallery collection.

The author of *Malaga Farm*, a former Head of the Spanish Department at Birkbeck College, has known Malaga where her father settled three decades ago from childhood. In 1951 she returned there permanently as wife of the farm's owner, the Baron von Schlippenbach, whose own father had started the first lead industry in Malaga. The precise and pervading charm of her book is apparent in its opening lines:

Our house stands upon a little hill. Its windows look southward across the vega . . . in springtime . . . a soft green: white farmhouses are scattered over it like daisies on an English lawn. With the ripening of wheat and barley the landscape turns to gold. Then, after the harvest, we see only the harsh reddish-brown of the bare soil until the autumn rains bring the earth again to life. Far away in the distance runs the ancient coastal road that in Roman times formed part of the Herculean Way, leading southward to Cadiz and, in the other direction, up along the eastern shore of Spain, over the Pyrenees, through Gaul, and down through Italy to Rome.

It is brightened throughout by flashes of local or historical lore which could only stem from a well-stocked and highly cultivated mind: "Cotton textiles have been made here since the days when Malaga was a Carthaginian settlement . . . the artichokes of Andalusia were singled out by Pliny for special commendation. . . . The first vineyards are said to have been planted in the South of Spain by the Phoenicians . . ."

A "personal account of everyday life in Malaga and of scenes and experiences remembered over many years" (to quote the publishers' announcement), *Malaga Farm*, which includes in the final chapters an excellent account of the city, past and present, unlike many modern works on Spain written from sporadic or superficial acquaintance, neither over-emphasises nor disregards the squalor and want in which the poorer classes live and maintain their immemorial stoicism and innate cheerfulness, but places them in the right perspective, against the eternal "western land" (*El Andalús*), the daily living beauty, the irresistible glitter and ever-present romance and vividness of existence under the incomparable Mediterranean sun.

S. F. A. COLES

Malaga Farm. By Marjorie Grice-Hutchinson. Hollis and Carter. 21s.

NOMAD CONQUERORS

Sir Halford Mackinder said: "Who controls the Heartland rules the world." The very core of his Heartland is the area of steppe to the north and east of the Black Sea, one of the world's great granaries. Every now and then throughout history a number of tribes and nations have swarmed either from the East or from the West to take control of this rich province, and not infrequently to burst from it again and spill over into Europe and the more civilised Mediterranean. There have been Mongols, Turks, Huns, Goths and Sarmatians, but the earliest, and possibly the most interesting of whom we have positive knowledge, were the Scyths. An Indo-European race, they had drifted from northern Europe across the continent to central Asia, whence they drove south-westwards to conquer the nomadic and agricultural Cimmerians during the seventh century B.C., eventually to impose their name and rule over the whole of Carpathia, the Ukraine, Crimea and much of northern Iran, but adopting the Iranian speech of the subject peoples. Their sway lasted more than three

centuries, but when Philip of Macedon defeated and killed their king, Ateas, in 339 B.C. their power was ended. It is true that a second Scythian empire arose to attack Chersonese in the second century B.C. but it was short-lived and was destroyed by Mithridates VI of Pontus.

Almost alone among nomads in possessing considerable artistic sensibility the influence of their artforms long survived them, and traces of that Scythian influence may be seen in objects manufactured by races as far afield as Scandinavia and France in the West and Hunan in the East. The art of China proper, however, was hardly affected, nor was that of Roman Iberia. Characterised by an overwhelming preponderance of animal images Scythian art, pictorial and plastic, shows a tremendous vitality, horses and lions leaping from their moulds at the onlooker. Since there was at all times much intercourse between Scyths and Greeks for trade purposes, it is natural to expect some Greek influence to be apparent in Scythian sculpture and architecture, and this is particularly discernible during the later years. Many Scythian rulers took Greek wives and adopted Greek customs and beliefs, though those that did so were liable to be murdered by their subjects who had no desire to fall under the sway of Greece.

Mrs. Tamara Talbot Rice's extremely ably written text is enlivened by short anecdotes, such as the description of the resounding defeat of Darius in 512 B.C. and the episode of the hare on the battlefield. Once again all praise is due to the publishers and to Dr. Glyn Daniel for such an excellently produced and attractive little book.

G. J. BONTOTT

The Scythians. By T. Talbot Rice. Ancient Peoples and Places: Thames and Hudson. 21s.

TRAVELS HERE AND THERE

Less than a year after his return from the Crimea, whence his despatches to *The Times* had aroused the public to anger, the famous William Russell was again on his way East to cover the Indian Mutiny. Although he arrived after the relief of Lucknow and the Cawnpore massacre, he saw a good deal of action, for instance the long campaign in Oudh, designed to capture the rebel leaders. Russell found time to keep a very detailed diary, which is a kaleidoscopic, scintillating document, wherein he is always unswervingly true to the ideals he held. Halting one day at Udaipur he omits to describe the most lovely of lake scenes, but he denounces the Colonel Blimps of that period. "By Jove! sir," he makes one of them exclaim, "those niggers are such a confounded sensual lazy set, cramming themselves with ghee and sweet meats, and smoking their cursed chillumjees all day and all night, that you might as well think to train pigs." As Michael Edwardes points out in his valuable and absorbing Essay on the Mutiny: "The British learned nothing from it; the Government seemed to move with the indifference of the mills of God, and an alien God at that, until all was ripe for rebellion, though some men were alive to the danger and prophesied its coming." Most vivid pen pictures are drawn of Sir Colin Campbell and others, as of the almost incredible scenes of looting—"Some swathe their bodies in stuffs crusted with precious metals and gems; others carry off useless lumber, brass pots, pictures, or vases of jade and china!" Meanwhile some infuriated Sikhs, pitching the contents of houses to their comrades in the street, seized a number of men and boys whom they found in those houses, placed them with their backs against a wall and shot them on the spot. When a Nepalese chieftain arrived he insisted on being received with a royal salute, which was given, although, as Sir Colin said, salutes were never fired at sieges.

No doubt a grand salute would have been fired in Buenos Aires if any Falkland Islander had ever availed himself of a standing offer of Argentine

citizenship, for that country, which calls the islands "Islas Malvinas," claims that she should possess them. There is much else of interest in this little book, such as an account of the Welsh colony, to whom the B.B.C. still regularly broadcasts a programme in Welsh, though most of the families are today not of Welsh origin. Unlike India, where statues of British administrators are being removed, Buenos Aires possesses statues of foreigners whom the nation has reason to honour; there is one, for instance, to the Irish sea-dog Admiral Brown, who in 1814 was invited to command the local fleet and who, in a battle against a Brazilian warship, when he ran out of cannon-balls, resumed the bombardment with some hard Dutch cheeses which he had on board.

In the last chapter of K. Westcott Jones' book we are told of the air route by way of the North Pole, where not only cheese, as at every Norwegian breakfast, is served, but also caviare, strawberries and cream and champagne. Most of this book, however, is devoted to an account of an unusual journey to the north of Norway in winter, an enterprise which began when one Richard With, the son of a seafaring family from Britain, which had emigrated to Norway, put in the year 1881 his entire fleet—one ship—into a project of establishing an express service to the north. This service flourishes today, a vessel leaving Bergen every night for the round voyage of 2,500 miles, Bergen to Kirkenes and back to Bergen, accomplished in twelve days. One can also travel in the Arctic region in a strange vehicle, the snowmobile, which in place of wheels substitutes a tank's caterpillar tractors, with a long pair of skis running out in front of the vehicle. So many wolves infest the Finnmark Plateau in winter, attracted by the reindeer clustered round the Laplander's encampments, that the snowmobile's passengers, provided with guns, can vary their journey by shooting a wolf or two on the way, if those rather cowardly creatures come near enough to the opened door. Another attraction may well be a sight of the Northern Lights, when an arc of green fire will dance across the sky, throwing off jagged strips of light and flashes of blue, orange and red. For those who are able to afford £200 there is, in this region in summer time, what is called a "Polar Bear Safari," when each of the four tourists in the ketch *Havella*, starting from Tromsø, is guaranteed a polar bear. This book tells us a great deal about what happens in one of Europe's remotest parts.

HENRY BAERLEIN

My Indian Mutiny Diary. By William Howard Russell. Cassell. 30s.

The Land and People of Argentina. By George Pendle. A. and C. Black. 7s. 6d.

To the Polar Sunrise. By K. Westcott Jones. Museum Press. 13s. 6d.

NOVELS

In *The Villa and the Horde*, a tale of fifth century Rome in decline, Barbara Hunt combines impressive scholarship with an evocative sense of period, convincing delineation of character and well-written, suspenseful narrative, even if here and there the historical research has not been fully assimilated and the author sometimes succumbs to what one may call—*pace* Professor Butterfield—the Whig misinterpretation of history. She is apt, that is, to evaluate her period by the standards and even in the terms of twentieth century America. Her Romans and Barbarians, pagan and Christian, like those of Mr. Evelyn Waugh and Mrs. Naomi Mitchison, are liable to use modern colloquialisms that kill rather than quicken. Admittedly, dialogue in historical novels has been a headache to writers ever since Scott—if not Wardour Street, what?—but extreme verbal anachronisms are not the solution. Their only effect is to make it harder for us to suspend our disbelief. Colloquialisms reflect the *Zeitgeist* and cannot successfully be transferred to another age. In this novel characters, when not made to sound like U.S. rather than Roman senators, or as G.I.s, come alive as authentic men and women of their time. They are a representative lot from all parts of the ancient world, from Severus the

patrician and his wise pagan love to Gordion, the British slave who instinctively responds to the nobility in the heroic Vandal Stilicho, and Melania, Gordion's touching, straitlaced mistress, who—Mr. Graham Greene please note!—even in those days suffers, one can but think unduly, from the sense of guilt. Here is a magnificent panoramic view of the crumbling Roman world at one of the great climacterics of history. One feels that Gibbon would have approved.

Mr. H. M. Tomlinson is a sort of male and minor Virginia Woolf. It is curious that devotees of the cult of this writer—it seems to be no less—never remark the fact that he fails as a novelist because he is quite unable to create character in the round. His writing is almost entirely subjective, his so-called characters appear to be direct projections of his own personality, and what plot there is in his books stems from the author's often wayward fancy rather than from the creative imagination. Why then his immense popularity among the faithful? One can only conclude that his fervent followers go to his work not because they seek the experience of reading a novel but rather to take a holiday basking in the climate of the maestro's mind. *Gallion's Reach* and his latest book, *The Trumpet Shall Sound*, are both like this—neither is truly a novel—but in the latter book the subjective nature of the writing does summon up, through Mr. Tomlinson's remembered response to bombs and black-outs, something of the feeling and the atmosphere of the war years. Ostensibly in *The Trumpet Shall Sound* we are given the home front, World War Two, as it affects the neo-Forsyte Gale family—and there is the inevitable nautical touchstone figure of whom the publishers make much in their blurb—but in reality what we get is another collection of Mr. Tomlinson's landscapes and seascapes with lay figures. The dialogue is stilted, the characters are out of this world, but here is another opportunity, for those who would avail themselves of it, to commune with the Tomlinson mind. As to the quality of that mind, the critic who is not in tune with it had best, perhaps, be silent.

No Ordinary Seaman is an immensely readable, slightly sentimental novel about the naval war in the Mediterranean. Mr. James Lake, its author, who writes from personal experience, is a sort of poor man's C. S. Forester. This novel, though its style is sometimes embarrassingly arch, is almost completely successful on its own level, which is that of the semi-autobiographical documentary. It is primarily the saga of Boy Lamb and his testing under fire while he awaits the accolade of Ordinary Seaman. For heightened effect, which he achieves, Mr. Lake is perhaps not guiltless of trying to get a quart of gory shambles into a pint pot of time and action. Some may find his breezy style, for all its journalistic clichés, a refreshing contrast to Mr. Tomlinson's cloudy metaphysics.

The Mystic Masseur is an extraordinarily accomplished first novel—a satire—by V. S. Naipaul, who is a young native of Trinidad of Hindu extraction. Mr. Naipaul tells how his hero Ganesh Ramsumair, a sort of inspired idiot with one eye on God and the other on the main chance, rises from frustrated schoolmaster to moneyed mystic. A gentle chuckle can be heard throughout the first three-quarters of the tale which is beautifully told, apparently casually and with a wry tenderness. In the end the hero declines through politics to respectability and we feel that both he and his creator have let us down. Mr. Naipaul, who writes for the most part with love and irony, should refrain from ending his next book with no more than a sneer and a shrug.

LUKE PARSONS

The Villa and the Horde. By Barbara Hunt. Macdonald. 15s.

The Trumpet Shall Sound. By H. M. Tomlinson. Hodder and Stoughton. 12s. 6d.

No Ordinary Seaman. By James Lake. Arthur Barker. 12s. 6d.

The Mystic Masseur. By V. S. Naipaul. André Deutsch. 12s. 6d.

BOOKS ON THE TABLE

When Dr. Nathaniel Micklem writes of his memories he intends "to act merely as a clothes-line on which to hang other people for a little airing." This modest and novel aim expounded in his Preface cannot be strictly adhered to in *THE BOX AND THE PUPPETS* (Geoffrey Bles. 13s. 6d.) but the partial success ensures a double triumph. The former Principal of Mansfield College in the University of Oxford, with sturdily distinguished heredity and the Protestant tradition engrained is himself incapable of puppet-like behaviour, nor can he manipulate the strings for the dancing of others. His humour, his nonchalance, his tolerance, kindness and sagacity shine out of his frontispiece portrait and illumine the whole book. His most endearing quirk perhaps is the failure to regard himself and his attainments too seriously. Even the shocks that awaited him at Oxford on his return there from Canada—the wilderness of a house impossible to run economically, the social duties including the paying of thirty-four calls, the academic chaos, the religious vagaries of students, the charge of being opposed to free and modern thought—leave him no more than rueful. For example, of the Groupers (the title is now *Moral Rearmament*) at Mansfield, who "took as discouraging a view of the moral and spiritual infirmities of their Principal as he was disposed to take himself," he most charitably remarks: "They did not lack courage, though in finesse they were at times deficient." He is grave in his chapter "The German Church Struggle" about the evil he felt in the Berlin of the 'thirties "as a physical, almost tangible, thing," and jaunty about his "only incursion into the ranks of best sellers" in the war years when he was co-opted to a band of specialists on international affairs organised by Chatham House. In a book full of good stories, not least are some about his remarkable father, the centenarian Nathaniel Micklem, Q.C., who died only the other day.

His little son—so soon to be classical scholar, poet, and churchman ever seeking truth—who watched Gladstone board a train at Willesden station (everyone standing to attention and the men with raised hats) fortunately for our delight has not lost the old habit of staring respectfully

Identity

Another little boy, who with his family attended another Congregational church, heard his father awestrickenly say one morning that Gladstone was dead. It is a childhood saga, "part Manchester, part memory, part mirage," that is set down in *TILL SEVEN* (Eyre & Spottiswoode. 18s.): "I am the child: maker and made. We are Geoffrey Dennis. We are in eternity together," says the author as he probes the miraculous mechanism and incommunicable mystery linking them. And they are both seen to be that winner of the Hawthornden Prize for Literature, equally sharing in the making of uncommon prose, for it is a considerable achievement that the veils of mist, among the shadows or under the light from gas-lamp or sun, should form and re-form into shapes which may be numbered, reached, touched and savoured under such headings as games, alphabet, Sabbath, walks, fears, God, parties, holidays, books. In a world where Victoria was good because she read the Bible and was queen, spotless hands and knees were obligatory on Sunday and riddles and jokes were not permitted: Jesus is about while the family concentrates on the Yorkshire pudding and sirloin; all day has been holy and not to laugh, run, play with toys or at games are unirk-some restraints; and hymn-singing round the piano is the evening's art and joy. On the way from Manchester infancy to Harrogate boyhood the possibilities of school—at Greame Street or dirty St. Jude's, or glimpsed in an older sister's grander one where the French for 84 was Cat-bang-Cat—and reading—where the turmoils and trumpets of the *Revelation* spilled over into the weekday sorrows of *A Peep*

behind the Scenes, and where the pleasures of slums, saints, and Tribulation gave way to the greater ones of "geography and countries"—are explored and charted by Mr. Dennis with persuasive power and clarity.

Far and near

"Geography and countries" are richly represented in the next four works; these are travellers' tales whose social, political, historical and diplomatic implications are in the telling. The first is *PICTURE OF JAPAN* (Angus & Robertson. 21s.), Colin Simpson's glowingly-illustrated delineation of the features of Old Japan discernible through democracy's mask. On the other hand, misconceptions and romantic myths are dispelled by him, and his survey is therefore objective as it is perceptive. As he is an Australian with vivid memories of the bloodying of his native shores by the Japanese and of their treatment of Australian prisoners-of-war, he could be forgiven the airing of a few prejudices. Instead, he found a country interesting enough to make him forget that there might be people unwilling for reasons of hate to read him. And "nobody can write a worthwhile book with their fingers crossed," he adds. From Tokyo to Nikko's show-place temples and shrines, from the cults of bar and bath to the *geisha* phenomenon, from Fujiyama's slopes to rebuilt Hiroshima, from "dolls and guys" to "tea and judo" he observes and instructs. In between the time of red maples and the cherry-blossomed spring he experienced a Philippine interlude, not irrelevantly for, as his friend and mentor Longman contended: "The Japanese are basically South Sea islanders, invigorated by a cooler climate. They came in through the Philippines, getting mixed up with the Malays on the way." Spanish rule ended here less than sixty years ago, and the young republic was dealt shattering blows by the Japanese in the last war, particularly in Manila "where the city's finest Spanish ornament, its great cathedral, is today a gaunt ruin."

Grandeur and pity

In Spain itself, not the cathedrals but the living quarters of the people: "with the crumbling walls and the missing windows, the screaming children and starveling dogs, the lines of damp, dirty clothing and everywhere the smell of excrement." Honor Tracy's agile wit is muted to the sufferings of the Spanish poor; prickling as ever it darts at the bumbblings of officialdom in *SILK HATS AND NO BREAKFAST* (Methuen. 15s.). These "Notes on a Spanish Journey" are not jottings, for each town or region she visited has a chapter to itself, and they offer a steadier look at life and character than the more conventional travel books are able to do. Her anger and her praise are here unmarred by the waspish or the pert; her kindness and fundamental good humour—taken doubtfully on trust before—glint through the cleverness that hitherto has been liable to chill the most ardent of her readers. Can it be that the spell of Spain amid all the miseries and splendours has put upon her a distaste for the brittle, the surface sparkles, the itch to be funny at all costs? Still living there and working at her next book, even though it is about the artistic world of Dublin, she adds only a tinge of alarm to our anticipatory pleasure. Meanwhile, our happy memories of the *parador* with the storks nesting on its roof at Mérida are enhanced because Miss Tracy enjoyed her stay there too; and her "this most beautiful city" of Salamanca fortifies our bewildered refutation in another place of another traveller's designation as "that dreariest of cities."

Spanish dominion

With the next book we turn to the Gulf of Cadiz; the date is August 1492, and the awesome moment has come for the propagandist and exhibitionist Columbus to cry: "Cast off, in the name of God!" He has gone to find Cipango (Japan to us), and discovered instead the New World. Jean Descola stirs the blood as he tells of the voyages of THE CONQUISTADORS (George Allen

& *Unwin*. 30s.), translated by Malcolm Barnes and embellished by a most useful comparative chronology, numerous maps, portraits and other illustrations. Greed for gold underlying religious zeal was the spur to hardship and fantastic adventures, and cruelty served well, in treasure and in converts to the Roman Catholic Church. Columbus had explored round the Gulf of Mexico and along the Venezuelan coast, and Vespucci had given a name to the region. Henceforth Haiti and Cuba were to be the starting-points for the spread of the realm to the west, north and south. With only a few hundred men and horses and cannon, devil-flouting pioneers like Balbao, de Leon, Cortez and Pizarro crossed the Panama isthmus to the Pacific, or found Florida, or captured the Mexican and Inca empires and brought low great and distinctive civilizations. It is a fiery team for Jean Descola to master, in this his first volume of a history of Spanish-America, and he seems to have accomplished it with no lashings of whip and only the mildest of encouraging cries. His final chapter "Dirge for the Conquistadors" suggests that the mills of God did quite a bit of grinding ("the dishevelled figure of the goddess Nemesis" he calls it) for they all seem to have come as we say to a bad end, from Columbus the outcast of Valladolid to Nunez who had his head cut off in Peru. The sober doublets of the colonists are on the horizon, and to the mason, the teacher and the lawgiver the silent battlefields are to become home.

The exile

Germany was never to become home to Queen Victoria's eldest daughter Vicky, and the infliction upon her of that son who was to be the Kaiser of the 1914-1918 war but deepened her sense of isolation. A study of the relations between her and her mother embodied in *THE ENGLISH EMPRESS*, by Egon Caesar Conte Corti (*Cassell*. 42s.), inclines one to believe that, tactless to the point of silliness as she was, she yet deserved a better fate than that

of a distrusted foreigner. Then the unceasing flow of letters from Victoria and Albert, with their incessant interference and well-meant advice, could not have been a soothing influence. Given Vicky's great capacity for affection, which she lavished on her father, at the age of seventeen it was easy to be enthusiastically in love with her young husband Crown Prince Frederick of Prussia and, because of him, with her adopted country too. But his autocratic father became a nonagenarian and when at last the son was on the throne full of liberal-minded ideas, imbibed through his wife from Prince Albert of England, he had only three months left of living. Intrigues had always been rife, Bismarck was a sort of grey eminence in his dislike of the English, William II became ever more estranged from his mother, and in her bitterness and bereavement she strengthened still more her ties with the widowed Queen Victoria and her native land. Count Corti has had access to the vast correspondence of all the parties in the Empress Frederick's sad story, and the most poignant chapter in his book is her own account of the "illness of our beloved Fritz, his reign and subsequent matters, while they are still fresh in my memory." She concludes: "It seemed to me as if I had seen a fine noble ship sink at sea with all the nation's hopes, its freedom, its progress and with it its clear bright future!" And who can say she was wrong?

GRACE BANYARD

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